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VOLUME IX.

OF

Shakespeare's Works.

Containing

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.



KING LEAR.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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TROILUS & CRESSIDA.



ACT II. SCENE II.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Thurston del.

P.M.

P. Mavorick & Durand sc

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakespeare,
IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH
THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

REVISED BY
ISAAC REED, ESQ.



VOLUME IX.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabrics of other Poets,
passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakespeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.¹

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous,² their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war : Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy ; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps ; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come ;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage : Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,³
 Sperre⁴ up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,⁵—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,⁶
 Ginning in the middle ; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

[1] I conceive this Prologue to have been written, and the dialogue, in more than one place, interpolated by some *Kyd* or *Marlowe* of the time ; who may have been paid for *altering* and *amending* one of Shakespeare's plays ; a very extraordinary instance of our author's negligence, and the managers' taste ! RITSON.

[2] *Orgulous*, that is, proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[3] *To fulfil*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more.

STEEVENS.

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our liturgy BLACKSTONE.

[4] To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *speren*, signifies to shut up, defend by bars, &c. THEOBALD.

[5] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour ; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

[6] The *vanguard*, called, in our author's time, *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

OBSERVATIONS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.] BEFORE this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it is to be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politic (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

Shakespeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connexion between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471.

Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakespeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.

STEEVENS.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slain on both sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men.*

FARMER.

This play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and condemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled, and powerfully impressed. Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*.

JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *king of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} *his sons.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

} *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general :*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed, and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam ; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace. Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*
Troilus.

CALL here my varlet,¹ I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

[1] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior.
STEEVENS.

[2] More weak, or foolish. MALONE.

Tro. I was about to tell thee.—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain ;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit ; but——

Tro. O Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love : Thou answer'st, She is fair ;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach ; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman !³ This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her ;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is ; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel ; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you : gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? what, with me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me, she would

[3] In comparison with Cressida's hand, says he, the spirit of sense, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitationes*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. STEEVENS.

[4] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmetics. JOHNSON.

be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*

[*An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds! Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium, and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts, For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

[*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may.—

But, to the sport abroad ;—Are you bound thither ?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street. Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by ?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they ?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,⁶ to-day was mov'd :

He chid Andromachæ, and struck his armourer ;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,⁷

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,⁸

And to the field goes he ; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;

They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed

[6] Hector's patience was, as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. JOHNSON.

[7] *Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. MALONE.

[8] It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback ; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.—It is true, that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback ; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Aeneid*, appear to have had cavalry among them, as well as their antagonists the Rutulians. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funereal games, as Virgil very probably at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from several passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback ; and it should be remembered, that Shakespeare was indebted for many of his materials to a book which pronounces both the prophet Esdras and Pythagoras to have been bastard children of king Priamus.

into folly,⁹ his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : He hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cress. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid : What do you talk of ?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cres. Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too ; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there is Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus ; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man o'the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

[9] To be crushed into folly, is to be confused and mingled with folly, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

[1] *Ilium* or *Ilion*, (for it is spelt both ways) was, according to Lydgate, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. sc. v. on the words—"Yon towers," &c. MALONE.

Cres. Ay ; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, 'Troilus is Troilus. [Hector.

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself ? Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time must friend, or end : Well, 'Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities ;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him ; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. [Paris.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

[1] A compassed window is a circular bow window.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter ?²

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy !—How came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then :—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing ;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ;—Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer ?

[2] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene in his *Art of Coneycatching*, 1591 : on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. STEEVENS.

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white : That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* *Jupiter !* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband ? The forked one*, quoth he ; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing ! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now ; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. *[A retreat sounded.]*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas ; Is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you ; But mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that ?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person :—When comes Troilus ?—I'll show you Troilus anon ; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.³

[3] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time and long before, signify a silly fellow. and may, by its etymology, signify---full of nods. *Cressid* means, that a *noddy* shall have more nods. JOHNSON.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that ; There's a fellow !—Go thy way, Hector ;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector ! Look, how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a brave man ?

Cres. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is 'a not ? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet ? look you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! There's no jesting : there's laying on ; take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cres. Be those with swords ?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords ? any thing, he cares not : an the devil come to him, it's all one : By god's lid, it does one's heart good :—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris : look ye yonder, niece ; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not ?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day ? he's not hurt : why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha ! 'would I could see Troilus now !—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that ?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is :—That's Helenus ;—I think he went not forth to-day :—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

Pan. Helenus ? no ;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well :—I marvel, where Troilus is !—Hark ; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus ?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where ? yonder ? that's Deiphobus : 'Tis Troilus ! there's a man, niece !—Hem !—Brave Troilus ! the prince of chivalry !

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace !

Pan. Mark him ; note him ;—O brave Troilus !—look well upon him, niece ; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's ; And how he looks, how he goes !—O admirable youth ! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man ! Paris ?—Paris is dirt to him ; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts ! chaff and bran, chaff and bran ! porridge after meat ! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look ; the eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws ! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles ; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles ? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well ?—Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? Do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

Cres. Ay, a minced man : and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman ! one knows not at what ward you lie.⁴

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come : [*Exit Boy.*]
—I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd. [*Ex. PAN.*]

[4] A metaphor from the art of defence.

—Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprize :
 But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :
 That she⁵ belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,⁶
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON's tent. Trumpets.
Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁷ and kin :
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,

[5] That she---means that woman.

[6] The acquiescence of my heart.

JOHNSON.

[7] Joined by affinity. STEEVENS.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,⁸
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words.⁹ In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,¹
Than by the tiger : but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.²

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
'The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,

[8] The throne in which thou sittest, "like a descended god." MALONE.

[9] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

[1] The *brize* is the *gad* or horse-fly. STEEVENS.

[2] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. HANMER.

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,³—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less ex-
That matter needless, of importless burden, [pect⁴
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :⁵
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ?⁶ Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,⁷
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,⁸

[3] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

[4] Expect for expectation. Thus we have suspect for suspicion, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

[6] The meaning is, When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected? what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. The centre of the earth; which, according to the Ptolemaic system then in vogue, is the centre of the solar system. WARBURTON.

[8] The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to

What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate⁹
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture ? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick !¹ How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,²
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy : The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores.
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward,³ with a purpose
 It hath to climb.⁴ The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about ad libitum, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

[9] i. e. force up by the roots. STEEVENS.

[1] Perhaps we should read,---then enterprize is sick ! JOHNSON.

[2] Corporations, companies, confraternities. JOHNSON.

[3] That goes backward step by step. JOHNSON.

[4] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Of pale and bloodless emulation :⁵

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests ;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on ;⁶

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and scaffoldage,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming⁷
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd,⁸
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty-stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—

*Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels ;⁹ as like as Vulcan and his wife :

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*

'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,

[5] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

[6] Topless—is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it ; supreme, sovereign. JOHNSON.

[7] Wrested beyond the truth ; overcharged. MALONE.——A *wrest* was an instrument for tuning a harp, by drawing up the strings. STEEVENS.

[8] He who has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation.—*Unsquar'd*, unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet unsquar'd. STEEVENS.

[9] The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,¹
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein,² in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,³)
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁴

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
ForeSTALL prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

[1] All our good grace exact, means our excellence irreprehensible. JOHNSON.
[2] Holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, she bridles. JOHNSON.
[3] As fast as a mint coins money. MAL. [4] A rank weed is a high weed. JOHN.

Aga. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray ?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Aga. How ?

Æne. Ay ; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
But what the repining enemy commends, [scends.

That breath fame follows ; that praise, sole pure, tran-

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
'To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet Sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire,

To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace¹ put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, 'That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Ag. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt, all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.²

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,³
 To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up:⁴
 And, in the publication, make no strain,⁵
 But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
 As banks of *Libya*,—though, *Apollo* knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose

[1] *Vantbrace*—an armour for the arm, avantbras. POPE.

[2] Be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

[3] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, the purpose is as plain as body or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. Warburton.

[5] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. THEOBALD.

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? 'Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁶
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes,⁷ there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Where he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

[6] *Scantling*—a measure, proportion. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain scantling. JOHNSON.

[7] Small points compared with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector :⁸ Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other ; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.⁹ [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp. Enter*
AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. THERSITES,—

*Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full, all over,
 generally ?*

Ajax. Thersites,—

*Ther. And those boils did run ?——Say so,—did not the
 general run then ? were not that a botchy core ?*

Ajax. Dog,—

*Ther. Then would come some matter from him ; I see
 none now.*

*Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
 Feel then.*

[*Strikes him.*

*Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, ' thou mongrel
 beef-witted lord !²*

[8] The sort—i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

[9] Tarre—an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. POPE.

[1] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

JOHNSON.

[2] He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan. — MALONE.

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,³ speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loath-somest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !⁴

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist,⁵ as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur !

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !⁶

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows ; an assinego may tutor thee :⁷ Thou scurvy valiant ass ! Thou art here put to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me,⁸ I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

Ajax. You dog !

[3] *Unsalted leaven* means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. JOHNSON.

[4] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. STEEV.

—“A cobloaf,” says Minshieu, “is a bunne.” MALONE.

[5] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

[6] In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat ; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

[7] An *assinego* is a *he ass*. RITSON.

[8] If thou continue to beat me, or make practice of beating me. STEEVENS.

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? Wherefore do you thus?
—How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary ; no man is beaten voluntary ; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so ?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains ; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, —yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth ; To, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to !

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites ; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?⁹

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents ; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed thro' all our host : That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what ; 'tis trash : Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery ; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you :—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in PRIAM'S Palace. Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ; Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
*As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd*

[9] *Brach*—a dog. STEEVENS.——It certainly means a *bitch*, and not a *dog*, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. M. MASON.

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—*Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows ?*
Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite ?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fye, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You for your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels ;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

[2] That greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.³

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment : How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,⁴
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,⁵
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)

[3] The will affects an object for some supposed merit, which Hector says is censurable, unless the merit so affected be really there. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, into a common voider.— JOHNSON.

[5] Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,⁶
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother,⁷ Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

[6] So the quarto. Folio--wrinkled *old*. MALONE.--There cannot be a question that he wrote: ----mid-age and wrinkled *eld*. RITSON.

[7] Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch: "-----*et facie pragnans*

Cisseis regina Parin creat."

Eneid X. 705.

STEEVENS.

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,³
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand

[3] *Distaste*—corrupt; change to a worse state.

Have glaz'd,—but superficially;⁹ not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy :¹
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband ? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection ;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence²
 To their benumbed wills,³ resist the same ;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.⁴
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth :⁵ yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still ;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,⁶
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood

[3] To *glaze*, in this instance, means to *insinuate* ; but, in Shakespeare, to *comment*.
 STEEVENS.

[1] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakespeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth Book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Through* partial indulgence. M. MASON.

[3] Inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction.

JOHNSON.

[4] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

[5] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion : yet, as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

[6] The execution of spirit and resentment. JOHNSON.

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus :—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept ;⁷
 This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent. Enter THER-
 SITES.*

Ther. How now, Thersites ? what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he
 beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction !
 'would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst
 he railed at me : 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise
 devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.
 Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be
 not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand
 till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter
 of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods ;
 and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduce-
 us* ; if ye take not that little, little, less than little wit from
 them that they have ! which short-armed ignorance itself
 knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention
 deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy
 irons, and cutting the web.⁸ After this the vengeance on
 the whole camp ! or, rather, the bone-ache ! for that,
 methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a
 placket. I have said my prayers ; and devil, envy, say
 Amen.—What, ho ! my lord Achilles !

[7] *Emulation* is now never used in an ill sense ; but Shakespeare meant to employ it so. MALONE. *Emulation*—Envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, without drawing their swords to cut the web. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there ? Thersites ? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation : but it is no matter ; Thyself upon thyself ! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue ! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee ! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death ! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles ?

Patr. What, art thou devout ? wast thou in prayer ?

Ther. Ay ; The heavens hear me !

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there ?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where ?—Art thou come ? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals ? Come ; what's Agamemnon ?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles ;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles ?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites ; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself ?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus ; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou ?

Patr. Thou mayest tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question.¹ Agamemnon commands Achilles ; Achilles is my lord ; I am Patroclus' knower ; and Patroclus' is a fool.

Patr. You rascal !

Ther. Peace, fool ; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool ; Thersites is a fool ; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this ; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon ; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool positive.²

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

[1] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

[2] The poet is still thinking of his grammar. MALONE.

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody :—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the subject!³ and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers;⁴ and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or knew not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? let him show us a cause. —A word, my lord. [Takes AGAM. aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

[3] The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. See *Measure for Measure*.
[4] Rebuked, rated.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him ; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.⁵

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus ;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write⁶ in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter. [*Exe. Ulys.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks himself
a better man than I am ?

Aga. No question.

[5] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for *breathing*. exercise.

[6] To subscribe, in Shakespeare, is to obey.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? how doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself : pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*asi.*] And yet he loves himself : Is it not strange ?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none ;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Content his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important : Possess'd he is with greatness ;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself : What should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*⁷

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so !
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles : Shall the proud lord,

[7] Dr. Hodges, in his *Treatise on the Plague*, says : "Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forwarnings of death, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface." REED.

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam ;⁸
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles ;
 That were to inlard his fat-already pride ;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.⁹
 This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;
 And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause ! [*Asi.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
 Over the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze his pride !
 Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes
 Himself ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven
 Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be physician, that should be the patient.
 [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
 Were o'my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
 He should eat swords first : Shall pride carry it ?

[8] *Swine-seam*, in the north, is *hog's-lard*. RITSON.

[9] *Cancer* is the *Crab*, a sign in the zodiac. The same thought is more clearly express'd by Thomson, whose words on this occasion, are a sufficient illustration of our author's :

"And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze."

STEEVENS.

[1] To *comb* or *curry*, is the meaning of the word here. Kersey, in his *Dictionary*, 1708, says that it is a sea term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends ; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified, in our author's time, to beat, knock, strike, or whip. MALONE.

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple :—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force him with praises :³

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so. [*To AGAM.*

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !⁴

I would, he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud ?

Dio. Or covetous of praise ?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne ?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ? [posure ;

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :⁵

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn,⁶ a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

[3] Force him—i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[4] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. MALONE.

[5] This is from *St. Luke*, xi. 27. "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked." STEEVENS.

[6] A bourn is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. STEEVENS.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war ;
Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast :
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep :
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace. Enter*
PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. FRIEND ! you ! pray you, a word : Do not you
Follow the young lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman ; I must
needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Music within.]

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are
my titles :—What music is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir ; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir ?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another ; I am

too courtly, and thou art too cunning : At whose request do these men play ?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir : Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,⁷—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, sir, Helen ; Could you not find out that by her attributes ?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business ! there's a stewed phrase, indeed !

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them !—especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow !

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance :—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits.⁸

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen :—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out ; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to :—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody ; If you do, our melancholy upon your head !

[7] This may mean, the soul of love invisible every where else.

[8] In fits—that is, now and then ; by fits.

STEEVENS.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen ; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? Where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ?—My cousin will fall out with you.—You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my deposer Cressida.⁹

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide ;¹ come, your deposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida ? no, your poor deposer's sick.

Par. I spy.²

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ?—Come, give me an instrument,—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this : I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love : this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid !

Pan. Love ! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

[9] The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus ;

Par. My cousin will fall out with you.

{To Helen.

Pan. You must not know where he sups.

{To Paris.

Helen. I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida."

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding scene, is ready to swear she *loved more than Paris*. RITSON. [1] That is, wide of your mark ; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. STEEVENS.

[2] The usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hic, spy, hic*. STEEVENS.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so :

Love, love, nothing but love, still more !

For, oh, love's bow,

Shoots buck and doe :

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But nicks still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh ! oh ! they die !

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !

So dying love lives still :

Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !

Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !

Hey ho !

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ?—Why, they are vipers : Is love a generation of vipers ? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?³

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something ;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. A retreat sounded.]

Par. They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

[3] However *Pandarus* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belong to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's*.
RITSON.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris :
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. PANDARUS' Orchard. Enter PANDARUS and a
Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin
Cressida's ?

Serv. No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now ?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin ?

Tro. No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver ! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid !

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit.

Tro. I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense ; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers :
I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight : you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her
wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite : I'll fetch
her. It is the prettiest villain :—she fetches her breath
as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's a baby.—Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again ? you must be watched ere you be made tame,³ must you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; and you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills.⁴—Why do you not speak to her ?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight ! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm ! build there, carpenter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,⁵ for all the ducks i'the river : go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again ? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in ; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit.]*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus ?

Cres. Wished, my lord ?—The gods grant !—O my lord !

Tro. What should they grant ? what makes this pretty abruption ? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love ?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins ; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear : To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear : in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

[3] Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

[4] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. MALONE.

[5] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk ; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.-----I think we should rather read:-----at the tercel. TYRWHITT.

Cres. No nothing monstrous neither ?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

Tro. Are there such ? such are not we : Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove ; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it : no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert, before his birth ; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.⁶ Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth ; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still ? have you not done talking yet ?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that ; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me : Be true to my lord : if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too ; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart : —Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win ?

Cres. Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me ;—

[6] We will give him no high or pompous titles.

JOHNSON.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c.

RÉED.

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
 I love you now ; but not, till now, so much
 But I might master it :—in faith, I lie ;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother : See, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel : Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
 Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :
 I am asham'd ;—O heavens ! what have I done ?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morn-
 ing,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
 Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try :
 I have a kind of self resides with you ;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone :—
 Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
 wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love ;
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
 Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might ;⁷ that dwells with gods above.

[7] Cressida's meaning is this: "Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might."

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match⁸ and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
 How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right !
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,⁹
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,¹
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,²
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,³
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be !
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,

[8] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

[9] Compare, that is, comparison. STEEVENS.

[1] *Plantage to the moon*-----alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase:

"Rite Latonæ puerum canentes:

Rite crescentem face noctilucam,

Prosperam frugum,-----"

Hor. Lib. IV. Od. vi.

WARBURTON.

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*. &c. I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon. STEEVENS.

[2] Troilus shall crown the verse as a man to be cited as the authentic author of truth ; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.*

STEEVENS.

From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
 The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
 That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Ag. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied : But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,⁴
 That their negociations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear. [*Exe. DIO. and CALCHAS.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent :—
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot ;—and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
 I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
 If so, I have derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
 It may do good : pride hath no other glass
 To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
 So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

[4] *Wrest* means an instrument for tuning the harp by drawing up the strings. To *wrest* is to *wind*. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the old illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp.

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Ag. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAM. and NEST.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? [Exit MENELAUS]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good-morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay ; and good next day too.

[Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? Know they not Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Show not their meanly wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man,—how dearly ever parted,⁵

[5] However excellently endowed ; with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
 Who, in his circumstance,⁶ expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
 Till he communicate his parts to others :
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause [berates
 Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, rever-
 The voice again ; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.⁷

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ; [are,
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
 Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the ideot in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wontonness !

[6] In the detail or circumduction of his argument.

JOHNSON.

[7] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes :
 Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way :
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.⁸

[8] I read: And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than *they will give to gold*, o'er-dusted. THEOBALD.
Gift, in the second line, is a substantive. MALONE.

The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might ; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,⁹
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.¹

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
 Keeps place with thought,² and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle)³ in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;

[9] The meaning of *mission* seems to be, despatches of the gods from heaven about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

[1] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS. [2] i. e. There is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. Warburton.

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the Divine Omnipresence in the 139th Psalm ? HENLEY.

[3] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lord after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for

Achil. How so ? [*himself.*]

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ; and
is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that
he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a
stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that hath
no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning :
bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—
there were wit in this head, an 'twould out ; and so there
is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which
will not show without knocking. The man's undone

for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax* ; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He is grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion ! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer nobody ; he professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars ; He wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence ; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent !——

Ther. Humph !

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. What say you to't ?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other ; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he ?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him, when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not : But, I am sure, none ; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse ; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exe.* *ACHIL.* and *PATR.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it ! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Troy. A Street. Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch ; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.*

Par. SEE, ho ! who's that there ?

Serv. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas ; take his hand :
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During 'all question of the gentle truce :⁴
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health :
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy ! Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise :—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die

[4] *Question*---means intercourse, interchange of conversation.

With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you ;⁵ 'Twas to bring this
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him, [Greek
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.

Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear.

We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;⁶
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

[5] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown.

WARBURTON.

Dio. She's bitter to her country ; Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapman do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Court before the House of PANDARUS. Enter
 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down ;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;
 To bed, to bed : Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me ?

Tro. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
 Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights⁷ she
 As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love, [*stays,*
 With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
 You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry ;—
 You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid !—I might have still held off,
 And then you would have tarried, Hark ! there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What, are all the doors open here ?

Tro. It is your uncle.

[⁷] *Venifici* ; those who practise nocturnal sorcery.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him ! now will he be mocking : I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now ? how go maidenheads ?—Here, you maid ! where's my cousin Cressid ?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle ! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ?—let her say what : what have I brought you to do ? [be good,

Cres. Come, come ; beshrew your heart ! you'll ne'er Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capocchia !⁸—hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[*Knocking.*

Cres. Did I not tell you ?—'would he were knock'd o' the head !—

Who's that at door ? Good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber :

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.

[*Knocking.*

—How earnestly they knock !—Pray you, come in ;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there ? what's the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How now ? what's the matter ?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there ? my lord Æneas ? By my troth, I knew you not : what news with you so early ?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him ; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you ? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn :—For my own part, I came in late : What should he do here ?

Æne. Who !—nay, then :—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware :

[8] *Capocchio*—Italian—signifies the thick head of a club ; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him.
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither ;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now ? what's the matter ?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash :⁹ There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded ?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy :
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me !
I will go meet them : and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exe. TRO. and ÆNE.*]

Pan. Is't possible ? no sooner got, but lost ? The devil
take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad. A plague
upon Antenor ! I would, they had broke's neck !

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now ? What is the matter ? Who was here ?

Pan. Ah, ah ! [gone ?]

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's my lord
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above !

Cres. O the gods !—what's the matter ?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in ; 'Would thou hadst ne'er
been born ! I knew, thou would'st be his death :—O poor
gentleman !—A plague upon Antenor !

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone ;
thou art changed for Antenor : thou must to thy father,
and be gone from Troilus ; 'twill be his death ; 'twill be
his bane ; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods !—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

[9] My business is so hasty and so abrupt.

Cres. I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ;
 I know no touch of consanguinity ;
 No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
 As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine !
 Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
 If ever she leave Troilus ! Time, force, and death,
 Do to this body what extremes you can ;
 But the strong base and building of my love
 Is as the very centre of the earth,
 Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep ;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks ;
 Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
 With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The same. Before PANDARUS' House. Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

Par. It is great morning ; and the hour prefix'd
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
 Comes fast upon :—Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house ;
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
 Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in PANDARUS' House. Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief :

My love admits no qualifying dross :
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks !

Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

——o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay ; it is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too ?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd⁶ kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

[9] *Consign'd, sealed ; from consigno, Lat.*

MALONE.

Tro. Hark ! you are call'd : Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come !* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root ! [Exit.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks ?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !
When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love : Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem¹ is this ?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee ;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,²

That there's no maculation in thy heart :

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation ; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens !—be true, again ?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love ;

'The Grecian youths are full of quality ; they're loving,

Well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in faith in question,

So mainly as thy merit : I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :

But I can tell, that each grace of these

[1] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion, surmise.*

[2] I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

—Welcome, sir Diomed ! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And, by the way, possess thee³ what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to³ thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

[3] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my list : And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : To her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exe. TRO. CRES. and DIOMED. Trumpet heard.*]

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out. Enter AJAX, armed ;
AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES
NESTOR, and others.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek[†]
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

[[†] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.—The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. STEEV.]

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. 'The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.⁵

Cres. I'll make my match to live.⁶
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You are an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

[5] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

[6] I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit,
therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. JOHNSON.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*DIONED leads out CRESSIDA.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,⁸
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader ! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,⁹

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed : ÆNEAS, TROIUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece ! What shall be done
To him that victory commands ? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other ; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field ?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it ?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely done,¹
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles : But, whate'er, know this ;—
In the extremity of great and little,

[8] A coasting welcome is a conciliatory welcome ; that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. MALONE.

[9] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey.

JOHNSON.

[1] In the sense of the Latin, securus---securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing.² Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then ?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it ; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd soon calm'd :
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :³
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects ;⁴ but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love :
 They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Aga. They are in action.

[2] Shakespeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain : " Valour (says Eneas,) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

[3] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. The word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

[4] *Subscribes*--Yields, gives way. JOHNSON.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, I will no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my fathers; by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,^s

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he.*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

(As sold I have the chance,) I would desire

[5] My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus, the author meant Achilles himself and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus.

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish : and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.⁶

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of every heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To Tro.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting ;
—You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

[6] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter : " All bright in heavenly arms above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire." &c. STEEV.

These knights, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand*, (for there were not less in both armies,) Shakespeare found, with all the appendages of chivalry, in The Three Destructions of Troy. MALONE.

Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hang thy advanc'd sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never-like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;²
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,³
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :

[1] Should we not read, *though* ? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first to mine. TYRWHITT.—Thou ! was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from the supposition that Ulysses designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to Agamemnon. STEEVENS.

[2] The hint for this scene of altercation is taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

[3] A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop. STEEVENS.

You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Ag. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;
There in the full convive we ; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exe. all but TROI. and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus ;
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*
Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature,⁴ what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies,⁵ raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatacas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt;⁶ you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.⁷

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk,⁸ thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassal of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!⁹

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

[4] *Batch*—all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. *Thersites* has already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

[5] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was, in my opinion, judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

[6] *Patroclus* reproaches *Thersites* with deformity, with having one part crouded into another. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. Thou cur of an undeterminate shape.

STEEVENS.

[8] All the terms used by *Thersites* of *Patroclus*, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

[9] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *nut-gall*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out gall!* JOHNSON.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba ;
 A token from her daughter, my fair love ;¹
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it :
 Fall, Greeks ; fail fame ; honour ; or go, or stay ;
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
 Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
 Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt ACHIL. and PATR.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad ; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails ; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax : And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to ?² To an ass, were nothing ; he is both ass and ox : to an ox were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care : but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day ! spirits and fires !³

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights.*

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter ACHILLES.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ;—welcome, princes all.

Ag. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

[1] This circumstance is from the Three Destructions of Troy. HANMER.

[2] Stuffed with wit. A term in cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.—By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. STEEVENS.

[3] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

[*Exe. AGEM. and MENEL.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company. [*Aside to Tro*]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit DIOMEDES ; ULYSSES
and TROILUS following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exe. ACHILLES.
HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he
leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend
his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ;⁴ but
when he performs, astronomers foretell it ; it is prodig-
ious, there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the
moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave
to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a
'Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after.
—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent varlets ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before CALCHAS' Tent. Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho ? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your
daughter ?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance ; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him !

[4] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *habler* or *brabler*. ANONYMOUS.

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian !—Hark ! a word with you.

Tro. Yea, so familiar ! [*Whispers.*]

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her

Dio. Will you remember ? [*cliff ; she's noted.*]

Cres. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List !

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what :—

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin : You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan ?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark ! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

You flow to great destruction ;^s come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's torments
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

[5] Your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to imminent danger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger,⁶ tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cres. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord ;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty ! where's thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench !—Give't me again.

Dio. Who was't ?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty pretty pledge !
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

[6] Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives.

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith you shall not:
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this ; Whose was it ?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,^s
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shall mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go :—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling. [pleases me best.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not you,

Dio. What, shall I come ? The hour ?

Cres. Ay, come :—O Jove !—
Do come :—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.— [Exit Dio.
Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind :
What error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

[s] i. e. The stars which she points to.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.⁸

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority !⁹ where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt ;¹ this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

[8] I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

[9] There is madness in that disquisition in which a man reasons at once for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid. JOHNSON.

[1] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the loss or perdition of reason. JOHNSON.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :
 Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,²
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith,³ are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek ;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false .
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself ;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord ;
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince :—My courteous lord, adieu :
 —Farewell, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILIUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I
 would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode.

[2] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

[3] Vows which she has already swallowed once over. We still say of a faithless man, that he has "eaten his words." JOHNSON.

Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery : still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning devil take them !
[Exit

SCENE III.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace. Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in :

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent ;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ha ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say ; the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded : Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,⁴
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow ;⁵
But vows to every purpose, must not hold ;
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man⁶

[4] i. e. To use violent thefts, because we would give much.

TYRWHITT.

[5] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness of a skilful casuist.
"The essence of a lawful vow is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent."

JOHNSON.

[6] Dear—valuable.

JOHNSON.

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit. CASSANDRA.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry :

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.⁷

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.⁸

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ? how now ?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave this hermit pity with our mother ;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;⁹
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

[7] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

[8] Shakespeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad* :

"For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." Pope.

"Thy father boy, bore never into fight

A milky mind,——"

Cowper.

STEEVENS.

[9] Tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON:

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit ANDRO.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro. Away !—Away !—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my leave :
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : the gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.¹

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days : And I have a rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there ?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart ;

[*Tearing the letter*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;

But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp. Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another ; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm : I would fain see them meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly

[1] In the folios, and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum* ; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. STEEVENS.

The three lines alluded to, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, are these :

" *Pand.* Why but hear you-----

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey ! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !"

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But hear you*) ; no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its present place, precisely as it is here given ; but the three lines above quoted do not constitute any part of the scene.

MALONE.

villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor ; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, —is not proved worth a black-berry :—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day ; where-upon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,² and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Soft ! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :
I do not fly ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian ! Now for thy whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

[Exe. TROI. and DIOM. fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's match ?

Art thou of blood, and honour ?

Ther. No, no :—I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee :—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ? I think, they have swallowed one another : I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou 'Troilus' horse ;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof. *[Exit.]*

Serv. I go, my lord.

[2] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Ag. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner ;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,³
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings⁴
Epistrophus and Cediüs : Polyxenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary⁵
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
'To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
'There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁶
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ,
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
'Together with his mangled Myrmidons,

[3] His lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described. STEEVENS.

[4] *Pashed*--bruised, crushed. STEEVENS.

[5] "Beyond the royaume of Amasone came an auncient kynge, wyse and dyscrete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *Sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was beery like a horse, and had his eyen rede like a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore afeide, and slew many of them with his bowe." Three Destructions of Troy. THEOBALD.

[6] *Sculls*--great numbers of fishes swimming together. *Scaled* means here dispersed, put to flight. STEEVENS.-----*Sculls* and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic excution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus ? thou coward Troilus !

[Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller,⁷ show thy face ;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the field. Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head !

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

Ajax. What would'st thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
 Ere that correction :—Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus !

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed !—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse !

Dio. Ha ! art thou there ?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone : stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks ; have at you both.

[Exeunt, fighting.]

[7] Boy-queller, i. e. murderer of a boy.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriended thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reckon not though thou end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

[8] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196: "-----Guido in his historie doth shew," &c. STEEVENS.

I quote from the original, 1555:

"-----in this while a Grekish king he mette,
Were it of hap or of adventure,
The which in soothe on his cote armoure
Enbrouded had full many ryche stone,
That gave a lyght, when the sonne shone,
Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,
For perles white and emerauwdes grene
Full many one were therein sette.
Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
Towardes him fast gan him drawe.
And fyrst I fynde how he hath him slawe,
And after that by force of his manheade
He hent him up afore him on his stede,
And fast gan wyth him for to ryde
From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
At good leyser playnly, if he maye,
To spoyle him of his rich arraye.
On horse-backe out when he him ladde,
Recklessly the storry maketh mynde
He caste his shelde at his backe belynde,
To weld him selfe at more libertye.
So that his brest disarmed was and bare."

I'll frush it,⁹ and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it :—Wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exe.

SCENE VII.

The same. Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
 Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel :
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about ;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :—
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt,

SCENE VIII.

*The same. Enter MENELAUS and PARIS fighting. Then
 THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
 Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! Now my double-
 henn'd sparrow ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! The bull has the
 game :—'ware horns, ho ! [Exe. PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : Farewell, bastard !

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ? [Exeunt.

[9] To *frush* a chicken, &c. is a term in carving, which we may suppose to have been synonymous with "break up a capon;" words that occur in *Love's Labours' Lost*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field. Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,¹
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd ; forego this 'vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ;² this is the man I seek.

[*HECTOR falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down ;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A Retreat sounded*

[1] The *vail* is, I think, the sinking of the sun ; not *veil*, or cover. JOHNSON.

[2] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles ! but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed ; for in the old story-book of the *Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1633, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hanmer mentions :

" Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
Had been the worthy ; but being slain by odds,
The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender :

" Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,
And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
In thy bokes for his chivalrye,
Above echone that dost hym magnifye,
That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude ?"

STEEVENS.

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth
And, stickler like, the armies separates.²

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,³
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Aga. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Within*] Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along :—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field. Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

[2] *Sticklers* are arbitrators, judges, or as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the games begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. *Stickler* is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter. RITSON.

[3] Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech, as it came out of Shakespeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen, and the thief's brass left in its place.

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !⁴
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
 Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
 Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
 Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,⁵
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you !—And thou, great-siz'd
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ; [coward .
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go :
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.⁶

[*Exe. ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

[4] We should read—*smite* at, instead of *smile*. M. MASON.-----Mr Up-ton thinks that Shakespeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn ; the Lord shall have them in derision." *Ps.* ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn ; for he hath seen that his day is coming." *Ps.* xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, the heavens are the ministers of the gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown* on ; but the gods themselves *smile* at Troy ; they hold Troy in *derision*, for its day is coming." MALONE.

[5] *Pight*—pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to pitch. STEEVENS.

[6] This couplet affords a full and natural close of the play ; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakespeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from an elder drama, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

As TROILUS is going out, enter from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! *[Exit.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones !—O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited ! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ?—Let me see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.⁷

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :⁸
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. *[Exit.*

[7] i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung.

STEEVENS.

[8] The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.

STEEVENS.

CYMBELINE.

OBSERVATIONS.

CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace ; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakespeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest ; her being almost famished ; and being taken at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman general as a page. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakespeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II. sc. ii. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately : " I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published before, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither savouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar ; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra : notwithstanding which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians ; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. *Cymbeline*

is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

An ancient translation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the second day of the *Dacameron* of Boccacio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows :

“ This mater treateth of a merchaūtes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mā and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde.”

“ Thus endeth this lytell story of lorde Frederyke. Impryted ī Anwarpe by me John Dusborowhge, dwellynge besyde y^e Camer porte in the yere of our lorde god a. M.ĈCCCC. and xvijj.”

This novel exhibits the material features of its original ; though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambrosius of Jennens the Bernabo of the story. Of the translator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expression, the two following instances may be sufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breast of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm ; and when at last, in a male habit, she discovers her sex, instead of displaying her bosom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely “ naked, save that she had a karcher of sylke before hyr members.”—The whole work is illustrated with wooden cuts representing every scene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the discovery of this antiquated piece, unless it serves to strengthen our belief that some more faithful translation had furnished Shakespeare with incidents which, in their original Italian, to him at least were inaccessible. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTON, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, { *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names*
ARVIRAGUS, { *of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to*
 Belarius.

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus* } *Italians.*

IACHIMO, *friend to Philario* }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*



CYMBELINE



Drawn by J. Thurston

Eng. by M. Leverick & Danand

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Garden behind CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.*

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king's.¹

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : She's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man !—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

[1] *We do not meet a man but frowns ; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of heaven,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our courtiers :—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers ; but our bloods, like theirs—still seem, as doth the king's.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.²

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;³
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,⁴ whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:⁵
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them;⁶ and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,

[2] You praise him extensively. STEEVENS.

[3] I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

[4] Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. MAL.

[5] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

[6] A glass that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him.
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the queen, and
princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit*

Imo. O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) ⁷ what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send.
(Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him [*Aside*
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !⁸ Remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*

[7] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty.

[8] To *sear up*, is properly to *close up by burning* ; but in this passage the poet may have dropped that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

While sense can keep it on ?⁹ And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Imo. O, the gods !
 When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
 If, after this command, thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
 And bless the good remainders of the court !
 I am gone.

[Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
 That shouldst repair my youth ; thou heapest
 A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
 Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen !

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
 And did avoid a puttock.¹

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made my
 throne
 A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
 A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
 It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
 You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is

[9] While sense can maintain its operations ; while sense continues to have power.

[1] A puttock---a kite.

JOHNSON.

STEEVENS.

A man, worth any woman ; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !—art thou mad !

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me !—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
They were again together : you have done
[*To the queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !
[*Exit*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ? what news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !
No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—
I would they were in Africk both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least.

Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A public Place. Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it——Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o'the backside the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you ! you have land enough of your own ; but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies ! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together :² She's a good sign,³ but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

[2] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence ; " Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

[3] I believe the poet means by sign—fair outward show. JOHNSON.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber · 'Would there had been some hurt done !

2 Lord. I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You'll go with us ?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven.
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.⁴ What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him ; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :⁵
Nay, follow'd him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then

[4] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal. STEEVENS.

[5] The diminution of space---is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by blasting, not blasted lightning. JOHNSON.

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.⁶

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.⁷

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.
—I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's house. Enter PHI-
LARIO, IACIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir : I have seen him in Britain : he
was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove so wor-
thy, as since he hath been allowed the name of : but I
could then have looked on him without the help of admi-
ration ; though the catalogue of his endowments had been
tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished,
than now he is, with that which makes him⁸ both without
and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many
there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

[6] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

[7] A *bud*, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural re-
presentation of any thing incipient or immature ; and the buds of flowers, if flowers,
are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits. JOHNSON.

[8] In the sense in which we say, This will make or mar you. JOHNSON.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.⁹

French. And then his banishment :—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,¹ are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life :—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countrymen and you ;² it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance³ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences :⁴ but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

[9] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

[1] Under her banner ; by her influence. JOHNSON.

[2] To atone---signifies, in this place, to reconcile. STEEVENS.

[3] Importance is here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, importunity, instigation.

MALONE.

[4] Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, and means to say, that he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience. M. MASON.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction,⁵ suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.⁶

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.

[5] Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. JOHNSON.

[6] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.—A friend, in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a paramour or innamorato of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. It is still current among the harlotry of London, who, as often as they have occasion to speak of their absent keepers, invariably call them their friends. I make my avowal, says Posthumus, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. STEEVENS.

Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual : a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress ;⁷ if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation ; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ;⁸ and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A repulse : Though your attempt, as you call it deserve more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.⁹

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

[7] Convince---for overcome. WARBURTON
So in *Macbeth* ;

"-----their malady convinces

The great essay of art." JOHNSON.

[8] Abused---deceived. So in *Othello* :

"The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave."

STEEVENS.

[9] Approbation---proof. So in *King Henry V.*

"-----how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to."

STEEVENS.

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.¹ If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours ;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions : let us have articles betwixt us :—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for

[1] You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard ; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

See p. 15. n. 6. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. STEEVENS.

Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.* Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness ; ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;
My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been

Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions ?² I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act ; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :³

[2] Other experiments. I commend, says Waltop, an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

[3] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she
has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such dam'd nature : Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs ;
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? dost thou think, in
time

She will not quench ;⁴ and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work ;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being,⁵

been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

"Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor."

JOHNSON.

[4] That is, grow cool.

STEEVENS.

[5] To change his abode.

JOHNSON.

Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans ?⁶
 Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box : PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on ;⁷ but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. [*Ex. PISA.*].—A sly and constant
 knave ;

Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to the lord.—I have given that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet ;⁸ and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*
Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit*

[6] That inclines towards its fall. JOHNSON.

[7] The meaning is, "think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." STEEVENS.

[8] A lieger ambassador, is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same. Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious :⁹ Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fye !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome ;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worth Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly *[Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir ;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich !
If she be furnished with a mind so rare, *[Aside*
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads.]—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

[9] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls, with great sublimity of expression, The desire that's glorious. WARBURTON.

Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other : Nor i'the judgment ;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : Nor i'the appetite ;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.¹

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
'That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, 'ongs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well :—'Beseech you, sir, de-
sire
[To PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him : he
Is strange and peevish.²

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His health, 'beseech
you ?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth ? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there

¹ [1] Iachimo, in this counterfeit rapture, has shown how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire, says he, when it approached sluttery, and considered it in comparison with such neat excellence, would not only be not so allured to feed, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object. To vomit emptiness, is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plentitude. JOHNSON.

[2] He is a foreigner, and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ?*

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much³
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me ; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! what !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff.

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to 'venge it,

[3] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : for certainties
Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing,⁴
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.⁵

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,⁶ (falsehood, as
With labour ;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double ! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition⁷
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;

[4] Rather, timely known. J. JOHNSON.

[5] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

[6] Hard with falsehood—is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

[7] Gross strumpets, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON

Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You take amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err : That love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the court for yours

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,^s
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

[8] Being strange—i. e. being a stranger.

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter
CLOTEN and two Lords.*

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the
jack upon an up-cast,⁹ to be hit away ! I had a hundred
pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must take
me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him,
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord ; nor [*Asi.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?

'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—
A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother :
every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too ; and you crow,
cock, with your comb on.¹ [*Aside.*]

[9] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. To kiss the jack is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

[1] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which has a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion² that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I not know on't !

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordships pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside]*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[Exit]

[2] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk. IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak;
—Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps.]

IACHIMO, from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin³ thus
Did softly press the rushes,⁴ ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.⁵—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures;—There the window;—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:

[3] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

[4] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

[5] We should read,

----- White with azure lac'd,
The blue of heaven's own tinct.-----

That is, the white skin laced with blue veins.

WARBURTON.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !

And be her sense but as a monument,

'Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—

'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I'the bottom of a cowslip :⁶ here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,

Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,

Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragon's of the night !⁷—that dawning

May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

*An Ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment. Enter
CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship ; You are most hot, and furious
when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage : If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough :
It's almost morning, is't not ?

[6] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakespeare was a most accurate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

[7] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions "the dragon-yoke of night" in *Il Penseroso* ; and in his *Masque* :

"-----the dragon womb

Of Stygian darkness."-----

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

1 *Lord*. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o'mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

—Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,⁶
 And Phæbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies ;⁹
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty bin :¹
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise.*

So. get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpa-ved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord*. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

[8] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book V.

"-----ye birds,

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend."

STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. The morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. It may be noted, that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

[1] i. e. *Pretty is*. Thus,

"As fresh as bin the flowers in May."

STEEVENS.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us¹
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Messenger.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho !—

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

[1] The good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : is she ready ?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister : your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness ; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.²

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.³

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal :⁴ and learn now, for all,

[2] A man who is taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

[3] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

[4] So verbal—is, so verbose, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;⁵
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd⁶
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my women hie thee presently :—

Clo. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ;⁷
Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually

[5] A self-figur'd knot, is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

[6] If it were considered as a compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styled,
&c. MALONE.

[7] I am haunted by a fool as by a sprite. STEEVENS.

Hath left mine arm ;⁸ it was thy master's : 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning : confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [Exit PISANIO.

Clo. You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd :—

His meanest garment ?—Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House. Enter POST-
 HUMUS and PHILARIO.*

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
 Will do his commission throughly : And, I think,
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 (Statist⁹ though I am none, nor like to be,)

[8] That hath accidentally fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MAL.

[9] Statesman. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their dicipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,¹ they are people, such
As mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo ?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land :
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

[1] That is, To those who try.

Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves :² the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.³

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. 'This is her honour !—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale ;⁴ I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !—
And now 'tis up again : It must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—
Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that :
She stripp'd it from her arm : I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ; 'Tis true. Here, take this too ;
[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't :—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ;⁵ which is nothing :—

[2] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a speaking picture. JOHNSON.

[3] The meaning is this, The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

[4] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

[5] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure,
She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal it !
And by a stranger ?—No, he hath enjoy'd her :
'The cognizance⁶ of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
—There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient :
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ,
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

[6] The cognizance---the badge ; the token ; the visible proof.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't ; i'the court ; before
Her father :—I'll do something——

[*Exit*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience !—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The same. Another Room in the same. Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow lachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
For ev'n to vice

[7] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to Adam. *Paradise Lost*, book x. STEEVENS.

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousands pounds ; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors ; together with
The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,

(Poor ignorant baubles !)⁸ on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars ; other of them may have crooked noses ; but, to owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 'The sides o'the world,) against all colour,⁹ here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry ;) Mulmutius,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy :
 Receive it from me, then :—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
 For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defied,

[8] Ignorant---unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

[9] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance ;¹ I am perfect,²
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, longer : If you seek us afterwards
in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle :
if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the ad-
venture, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and
there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus !
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,)³ hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.⁴—O, my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her blood ?

[1] Keep at utterance means to keep at the extremity of defiance. STEEVENS

[2] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth* :

"-----in your state of honour I am perfect."

JOHNSON.

[3] About Shakespeare's time the practise of poisoning was very common in Italy,
and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

[4] To take in a town, is to conquer it. JOHNSON.

If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[*Reading.*

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act,⁵ and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.⁶

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
 (Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love;⁷ of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
 dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest
 of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.⁸ Take
 notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven: What your
 own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes
 you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, in-
 creasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

[5] Art thou too combined, art thou a confederate, in this act? A *feodary* was an officer to be present with and assistant to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, &c. MALONE.

[6] I am unpractis'd in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

[7] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

[8] This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. "Your father's wrath could not be so cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes." M. MASON.

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
 He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st,—
 O, let me 'bate,—but not like me :—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,^s
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return, to excuse :—but first, how get hence :
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'the clock's behalf.⁹—But this is foolery.—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
 She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
 A riding-suit ; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.¹

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.²

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
 Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] Crowd one word on another as fast as possible. STEEVENS.

[9] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

[1] A franklin is, literally, a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

[2] That is 'you'd best consider.' M. MASON.----So afterwards in sc. vi. 'I were best not call.' MALONE.

SCENE III.

*Wales. A Mountainous Country, with a Cave. Enter BEL-
LARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you
To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on,³ without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport : Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see :
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle⁴ in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check ;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;⁵
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd :⁶ no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest ; nor know not

[3] The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

JOHNSON.

[4] The beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or *shards*. "These cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live under the surface of the earth in holes, which they dig out by their own industry." MALONE.

[5] I read,-----'Richer than doing nothing for a brabe.'-----Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. Holy-oak, in his dictionary, terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his Thesaurus, defines it to be a prize, or reward for any game. JOHNSON.

[6] So, in a Collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598 :

"Yet stands he in the debet book uncrost."

STEEVENS.

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you ?⁷ when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i'the search ;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd

[7] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans : so,
 Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
 This is not hunters' language :—He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast ;
 To him the other two shall minister ;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine ; and, though train'd up thus
 meanly

In the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd !—
 O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft's me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit:

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand !
'That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,⁸
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed : the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ;⁹ whose breath

[8] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

[9] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms.

STEEVENS.

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,¹
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! what is it, to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ?
Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,² hath betray'd him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd :³—to pieces with me !—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany ; not born, where't grows ;

[1] States---persons of high rank. JOHNSON.

[2] There is a prettiness in this expression ; *putta*. in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore* : I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

Some jay of Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense, *painting* may be not improperly termed her mother. JOHNSON.

[3] To *hang by the walls*, does not mean, to be converted into *hangings* for a room, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall*.”

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids !) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of light materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them ; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances, were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, (*viz.* mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds.) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

“*Commitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,*”

seems to have been customary among our ancestors.—When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her ; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*. STEEVENS.

But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false : and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest ;
Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience : Look !
I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;
Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shall hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her³
That now thou tir'st on,⁴ how thy memory

[3] So, in *Hamlet* : "It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge." STEEVENS.

[4] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks ; from *tirer*, Fr. JOHNS.

Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
'The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ; whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,^s when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment : in the which
I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,

[5] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter.

What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband !

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing ;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest ; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,⁶ and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view ;⁷ yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

[6] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. Darkness, applied to the mind, is secrecy ; applied to the fortune, is obscurity. The next lines are obscure. You must, says *Pisano*, disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself. JOHNSON.

[7] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHN.

Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !
 Alack'no remedy !) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them : Would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy,⁸ (which you'll make him know
 If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
 There's more to be consider'd : but we'll even
 All that good time will give us :⁹ This attempt
 I'm soldier to,¹ and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box : I had it from the queen ;
 What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
 Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

[8] Wherein you are *accomplished*. STEEVENS.

[9] We'll make our work even with our time ; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

[1] I have enlisted and bound myself to it. WARBURTON.

SCENE V.

*A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Queen;
CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness ;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like

A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
 We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
 We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
 Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
 Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Attend. Please you, sir,
 Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
 She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
 Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I fear,
 Prove false !

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of her's, Pisanio, her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [Exit CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
 He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
 Can make good use of either : She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled :

Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
This night forestall him of the coming day ! [Exit.

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ;² from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall——Who is here ? what ! are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.

Clo. Let's see't :—I will pursue her

[2] She has all courtly parts, says he, more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind. JOHNSON.

Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough ; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph !

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, } *Aside.*
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service ; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man : thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven :—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : First kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back,

foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

—Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shall be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of BELARIUS. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer, than to lie for need;³ and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,

[3] Is sorer,—is a greater or heavier crime.

JOHNSON.

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! *[She goes into the cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,⁴ and
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :⁵
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave ; we'll browse on
 that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay ; come not in :

[Looking in.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good troth,
 I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat :
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal ; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

[4] A woodman in its common acception, signifies a hunter.

[5] That is, our compact. See p. 148. l. 9.

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After a long absence, such as yours :—Most welcome
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends !
If brothers ?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.⁶

} *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't !

Arr. Or I ; what'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by

[5] Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus.
JOHNSON.

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)⁷
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :
 Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 Lo far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less

Ino. Thanks, sir. [welcome.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Rome. Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
 That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,⁸
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business : He creates
 Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission.⁹ Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

[7] Differing—may be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

[8] These facts are historical. JOHNSON.

[9] He commands the commission to be given to you. So we say, *I ordered the materials to the workmen.* JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions : yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face ; and all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage : but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before the Cave. Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well : [To IMO.] remain here in the
We'll come to you after hunting. [cave ;

Arv. Brother, stay here : [To IMOGEN.]
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :

But not so citizen a wanton, as
 To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
 Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
 Is breach of all.¹ I am ill ; but your being by me
 Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
 To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
 Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
 I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
 Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
 How much the quantity, the weight as much,
 As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
 In my good brother's fault : I know not why
 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

[*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
 lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
 The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him :²
 He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;³
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter

[1] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted ; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

[2] Not move him tell his story. JOHNSON.

[3] Gentle---is well-born, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.

[*Exit* IMOGEN.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.⁴

Arr. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !⁵

Bel. It is great morning.⁶ Come ; away.—Who's
there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as out-laws :—Hence.

[4] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. MALONE.

[5] Shakespeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine—from the vine*. JOHNSON.

Mr Hawkins proposes to read *entwine*. He says, "Let the stinking elder [Grief] entwine his root with the vine [Patience,] and in the end, Patience must outgrow grief." STEEVENS.

[6] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. STEEVENS.

Gui. He is but one : You and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft ! what are you
That fly me thus ? Some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To whom ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
 Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice.
 And burst of speaking, were as his :⁷ I am absolute,
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment
 Is oft the cause of fear : But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
 There was no money in't : not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect, what :⁸ cut off one Cloten's head,
 Son to the queen, after his own report ;
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,
 Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !) they grow,
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
 Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
 For we do fear the law ? What company
 Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,

[7] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding.

JOHNSON.

[8] I am well informed, what.

JOHNSON.

He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.⁹

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. {Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,

[9] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return.

[Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ! Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my dear'st
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in ?—Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy !—
How found you him ?

Arr. Stark, as you see :²
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arr. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues³ from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.⁴

[1] A crare, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages, *cravera*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Stark*—i. e. stiff. STEEVENS.

[3] Clouted brogues are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rustics. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. STEEVENS.

[4] To winter-ground a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as *Aviragus*, who loved *Fidele*, represents

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world)⁴ doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—Begin.

her to be. The ruddock is the red-breast, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser. STEEVENS.—In *Cornucopia, or divers Secrets, &c.* 4to 1596, it is said, "The robin redbreast if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all the face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." REED.

[4] *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

SONG.

*Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Arv. Fear no more the frown o'the great,⁵
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.⁶*

*Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

*Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no withcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renown'd be thy grave !⁷*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies : Come, lay him down.

*Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight, more :
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces :—
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so*

[5] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. *WARBURTON.*

[6] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this. All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death : neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the arts of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. *JOHNSON.*

[7] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins, of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. *JOHNSON.*

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; Which is
the way ?—

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?
'Ods pitilkins !—can it be six mile yet ?—
I have gone all night :—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !
I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
The brawns of Hercules ; but his Jovial face⁸—
Murder in heaven ?—how ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top !—O, Posthumus ! alas,
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's that ?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be ? Pisanio ?
'Tis he, and Cloten : Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

[8] Jovial face, signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. STEEVENS.

And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home ;
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service : and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
 Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :
 (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus :—
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends,
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
 Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded : Who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture ?⁹ What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.]
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig :¹ and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans

[9] To do a picture, and a picture is well done, are standing phrases ; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it. JOHNSON.

[1] Pickaxes—meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

A grave : Come, arm him.²—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can, Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter CYMBELINE, Lords,
 and PISANIO.*

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens.
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally.
 For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome :
 We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy, [To *Pis.*
 Does yet depend.³

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
 Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
 I am amaz'd with matter.

[2] That is, take him up in your arms. HANMER.

[3] My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have
 not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less [ready :
Than what you hear of :⁴ come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw :
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away, [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-
RAGUS.*

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ; this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ;⁵ and so extort from us that

[4] Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

[5] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old-man. JOHNSON.

Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn out with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arr. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set

So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
 scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.*⁶

Post. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee : for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.⁷ You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little ?—O, Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this :⁸ so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;⁹
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither

[6] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send. JOHNSON.

[7] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is no longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

[8] To put on---is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.

[9] The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the *deed* of an elder man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

[1] "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers." M. MASON.

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army ; at the other side the British Army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me ; Or could this carl,²
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.]

The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is taken : then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage of the
 The lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but [ground

[2] *Carl or churl*, is a clown or husbandman.

The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country base,³ than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)⁴
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,

[5] A rustic game called prison-bars, vulgarly prison-base.

[4] Shame, for modesty.

WARBURTON.

*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save.
 But to look back in frown : Stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *Stand, stand*,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners !) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire ; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick : Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made : And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
 The life o'the need ; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
 Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i'the former wave : ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'the field.⁵*

Lord. This was strange chance :
 A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end ?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you are angry.

[*Exit*

Post. Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !
 To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me !
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,⁶
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
 Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him :
 For being now a favourer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be⁷
 Britons must take ; for me, my ransome's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.⁸

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! Who is there ?

Post. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

[6] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition ; which made Erasmus. where, in his *Moria Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma*,

"North-Britons hence have second sight ;

"And Germans free from gun-shot fight."

WARBURTON.

JOHNSON.

[7] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*.

[8] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.

JOHNSON.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: After which, all go out.*⁹

SCENE IV.

A prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ;¹

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty : Yet am I better

'Than one that's sick o'the gout : since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death ; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists ! You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement ; that's not my desire :

For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it.

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :

You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !

I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*]

[9] This is the only instance in these plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] expressed his contempt of such mumery. RITSON.

[1] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

*Solemn music.*² *Enter as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior : leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-raaster, show
Thy spite on mortal flies :
With mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise of the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eyes of Imogen, the best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O'the other's villany ?

[2] Here follow a vision, or masque, and a prophecy, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare. POPE.

One would think that Shakespeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyzes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. RITSON.

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!--How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers;
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.--Rise, and fade!--
He shall be lord of lady Inogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.--
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof!--Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? a book ? O, rare one !
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself known, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive. be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.³ Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of part-

[3] The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this : This is a dream or madness, or both,---or nothing,---but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life. We might perhaps read,

Whether both, or nothing,---

JOHNSON.

ing, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;⁴ purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ;⁵ of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothach : But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer : for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril :⁶ and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news ;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

[4] i. e. Sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are *paid or subdued* too much by the liquor. So Falstaff,

"-----seven of the eleven I *pay'd*." STEEVENS.

[5] Debitor and creditor, for an accounting book. JOHNSON.
So, in Othello :

"By *debitor and creditor*, this *counter-caster*,---" STEEVENS.

[6] That is, venture at it without thought. So Macbeth,
"We'd jump the life to come." JOHNSON.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. *[Exeunt Post. and Messenger.]*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.⁷ Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind ; and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent. *Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found : He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing : Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.⁸

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward ; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are :—report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen : Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :

[7] Prone—i. e. forward. STEEVENS.

[8] To promise *nothing but* poor looks, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

Arise, my knights o'the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : these her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,

Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,⁹ so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

[9] So feat---so ready ; so dexterous in waiting.

And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal.
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy-lad,
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress :

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[*Cym. and Imo. come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ; [*To IACH.*]
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ?

[*Aside.*]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel :
Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,²—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength :
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more : Strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour !) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where !) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd ! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head !) the good Posthúmus,
(What should I say ? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were : and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

[1] Mr Ritson (and I perfectly agree with him) is of opinion that this pronoun should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on similar occasions, is often known to have been the case. How injurious this syllable is to the present measure, I think no reader of judgment can fail to perceive.

STEEVENS.

[2] To quail, is to sink into dejection.

STEEVENS.

Of him that best could speak : for feature,³ laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature ;⁴ for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye :——

Cym. I stand on fire :

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover,) took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
 He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough

[3] Feature—for proportion of parts.

WARBURTON.

[4] i. e. The ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of brief nature ; that is, of hasty, un-elaborate nature.

WARBURTON.

To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes⁵
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, *[Coming forward]*
 Italian fiend !—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer !⁶ Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious : it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple⁷
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.⁷
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus ; and
 Be villany less than 'twas !—O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. *[Striking her ; she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress ;—O, my lord Posthumus !
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now :—Help, help !—
 Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?⁸

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

[5] Averring notes—such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

[6] The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. REED.

[7] She was not only the temple of Virtue, but Virtue herself. JOHNSON.

[8] This wild and delirious perturbation. Staggers is the horse's apoplexy.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again. [Embracing him.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !⁹

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

[9] i. e. Hang round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay.
STEEVENS.

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not ;
You had a motive for't. [To *Gui.* and *Arv.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forsend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [*To the Guard.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ?¹ How of descent
As good as we ?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age :² indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee ;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
'Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
'They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

[1] By tasting---is, by forcing us to make thee taste. JOHNSON.

[2] Assum'd this age, has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. MENLEY.

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd, Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having receiv'd the punishment before, For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty Excited me to treason: Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, Here are your sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world; The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more Unlike than this thou tell'st.³ I lost my children:— If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius: This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand Of his queen mother, which, for more probation, I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;

[3] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done, within my knowledge, are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment⁴
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.⁵—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle,⁶ with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever. [*To BEL.*
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,

[4] Fierce—is vehement, rapid. JOHNSON.

[5] Which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative.

STEEVENS.

[6] That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, “both our remedies” means, *the remedy for us both*. M. MASON.

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd ;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again : [Kneeling.]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me ;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it ;⁷ let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

[7] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from the premises. *Whose containing, means, the contents of which.* STEEVENS.

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To Cym.*

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier* : which *mulier* I divine,

Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
'Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
'To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin :—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
'To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,

Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*See page 172, note 7.*]

A SONG,

Sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, over FIDELE,
supposed to be dead.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds, shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,

With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempest shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

KING LEAR.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed ; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate *Lear's* manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners ; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of *Gloster's* eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always

compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life ; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse ; or, that if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play, till I undertook to revise them as an editor. JOHNSON.

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side ; the original drama was patronized by Addison

* *Vitrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *king of Britain.*

King of FRANCE.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

Duke of CORNWALL.

Duke of ALBANY.

Earl of GLOSTER.

Earl of KENT.

EDGAR, *son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloster.*

CURAN, *a courtier.*

Old Man, *tenant to Gloster.*

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*

Gentleman, *attendant on Cordelia.*

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,	}	<i>daughters to Lear.</i>
REGAN,		
CORDELIA,		

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*

SCENE—*Britain.*

KING LEAR



Drawn by Thoreson

Eng. by F. Mavens & Howard.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

Kent.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither¹ can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, has been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-wombed ; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

[1] Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*,

"For curious I cannot be with you."

STEEVENS.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again :—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose.²

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
gundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.³

[2] Darker—for more secret ; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.
This word may admit a further explication. "We shall express our darker purpose": that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of partitioning the kingdom ; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpolation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

[3] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say, It is so much ; for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more.

JOHNSON.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess⁵
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia !

[*Aside*

And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity,⁷ and pleasure,
'Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love
'The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

[5] My sister has equally expressed my sentiments, only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all joys but you."—*That I profess*, means, in that I profess. M. MASON.

[6] Perhaps *square* means compass, comprehension. JOHNSON.

[7] *Validity*—for worth, value ; not for integrity or good title. Warburton.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower :
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever.⁸ The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France ;—Who stirs ?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a king ;
 The sway,
 Revenue, execution, of the rest,⁹

[8] From this---i. e. From this time. STEEVENS.

[9] The execution of the rest is, I suppose, all the other business.

JOHNSON.

Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. *[Giving the crown.]*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man ?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ;
And, in thy best consideration, check¹
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.¹

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies :² nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.³

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me !—

[1] Reverbs—this I presume to be a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as reverberates. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. I never regarded my life as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property ; and which was entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge to be employed in waging war against your enemies. STEEVENS.

[3] The blank—is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot, "See better," says Kent, "and keep me always in your view." JOHNSON.

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,⁴
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power ;
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
 Our potency make good, take thy reward.⁵
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death : Away ! by Jupiter,⁶
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king : since thus thou wilt appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here :—
 The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said !—
 And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.⁷ [*Exit*

Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
 Hath rivall'd for our daughter ; What, in the least,
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
 I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
 But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
 If aught within that little, seeming substance,⁸

[4] The old copy reads *starved pride* ; that is, pride exorbitant ; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

[5] As a proof that I am not a mere threatener, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits ; hear thy sentence. The words, *Our potency make good*, are in the absolute case. MALONE.

[6] Shakespeare makes Lear too much of a mythologist : he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

[7] He will follow his old maxims ; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

[8] *Seeming* means specious. STEEVENS.

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,⁹
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;

Election makes not up on such conditions.¹ [me,

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [To FRA.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!

That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

[9] Owes---i. e. possessed of. STEEVENS.

[1] Election comes not to a decision; in the same sense as when we say, "I have made up my mind on that subject." MALONE.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do ?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon ;
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.²

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exe.* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father ;
To your professed bosoms I commit him ;

[2] *Here and where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides ;³
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

Fran. Come, my fair Cordelia. [*Exe. FRA. and COR.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father
will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the ob-
servation we have made of it hath not been little ; he al-
ways loved our sister most ; and with what poor judg-
ment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash ; then must we look to receive from his age, not
alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,⁴ but,
therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cho-
leric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking be-
tween France and him. Pray you, let us hit together :⁵
If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he
bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.⁶ [*Exe.*]

[3] Plaited cunning--i. e. complicated, involved cunning. JOHNSON.

[4] Of qualities of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*, "a woman of
so gentle a condition." MALONE.

[5] Hit--i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

[6] I'the heat--i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle. Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound : Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit
The curiosity of nations⁷ to deprive me,⁸
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother ?⁹ Why bastard ? wherefore base ?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake ?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate : Fine word,—legitimate !
Well my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow ; I prosper :—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus ! and France in choler parted !
And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !¹
Confin'd to exhibition !² All this done
Upon the gad !³—Edmund ! how now ? what news ?

[7] Curiosity, in the time of Shakespeare, was a word that signified an over nice scrupulousness in manners, dress, &c. STEEVENS.

By the *curiosity* of nations, Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institutions. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too curiously." M. MASON.

[8] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exheredo* by this word. STEEVENS.

[9] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, "Wherefore should I or any man?" HANMER.

[1] To subscribe, in Shakespeare, is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards, "You owe me no subscription." MALONE.

[2] Exhibition, is allowance. The term is yet used in the universities.

JOHNSON.

[3] Done upon the gad, is done suddenly, or, as before, while the iron is hot. A gad is an iron bar. RITSON.

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.⁴

Glo. [*Reads.*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

[4] *Essay and taste* are both terms from royal tables. See note on act v. sc. iii.
STEEVENS. [5] *Idle and fond*—Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

Edm. Never, my lord : But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain !—His very opinion in the letter !—Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain ! worse than brutish !—Go, sirrah, seek him ; I'll apprehend him :—Abominable villain !—Where is he ?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course ; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.⁹

Glo. Think you so ?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction ; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth !—Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him,¹ I pray you : frame the business after your own wisdom, I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.²

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently ; convey the business³ as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us : though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects : Love cools, friendship falls off,⁴ bro-

[9] Pretence---is design and purpose. So afterwards in this play.

"Pretence and purpose of unkindness." JOHNSON.

[1] I once thought it should be read---you into him ; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like "do me this." JOHNSON.

So in Twelfth Night, "challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him."

STEEVENS.

[2] I would give all I possess to be certain of the truth. This is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*. So, Othello,

"---To be once in doubt

Is, once to be resolved." M. MASON.

[3] To convey, is to carry through ; in this place, it is to manage artfully : we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

thers divide : In cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treasons ; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction ; there's son against father : the king falls from bias of nature ; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time : Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves !——Find out this villain, Edmund ; it shall lose thee nothing ; do it carefully :——and the noble and true hearted Kent banished ! his offence, honesty !——Strange ! strange !

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of

[5] In Shakespeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As you like it*, the fantastic humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate ; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with, either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities : so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 15th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hat, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, have projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologic atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hen, hen, disent ils—Et donques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, quæ quiconque coignee perdra soubdain deviendra ainsi riche?" Nou. Prol. du. iv. Livre——But to return to Shakespeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely : and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that, as in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could, on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he, with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists ; as appears by these words of Lear,

our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail ; and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy : My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions !
fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund ? What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that ?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily ; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

"By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be."

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, "in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

[8] This is, I think, intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusion of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him : and at my intreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heart of his displeasure ; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak : Pray you, go ; there's my key :—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best ; go armed ; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it : Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit *Edg.*
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy !—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace. Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night ! he wrongs me ; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That set us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle :—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick :—
If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question :
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
'That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,⁷—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you ;
What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same. Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse,⁸ my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? What wouldest thou
with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve
him truly, that will put me in trust ; to love him that is
honest ; to converse with him that is wise, and says lit-

[7] Old fools—must be used with checks, *as well* as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen *to be* abused. TYRWILITT.

[8] To diffuse speech—signifies to disorder it, and so to disguise it. STEEVENS

tle;⁹ to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.¹

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldest thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think, the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

[9] To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, not to discourse or talk. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are not tattlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

[1] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of "He's an honest man, and eats no fish;" to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason: hence it was called Cecil's fast. WARBURTON.

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not !

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont ; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! sayest thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception ; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late ; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity ;² than as a very pretence³ and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into't.—But where's my fool ? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter, I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither : Who am I, sir ?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father ! my lord's knave : you whore-son dog ! you slave ! you cur !

Stew. I am none of this, my lord ; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither ; you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away ; I'll teach you differences ; away, away : If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry : but away : go to ; Have you wisdom ? so.

[Pushes the Steward out.]

[2] By this phrase Lear means, I believe, a *punctilious jealousy*, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. STEEVENS.

[3] *Pretence* in Shakespeare generally signifies *design*. STEEVENS.

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too ;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ? how dost thou ?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. Why ? For taking one's part that is out of favour : Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly : There, take my coxcomb :⁴ Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will ; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle ?⁵ 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters !

Lear. Why, my boy ?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself : There's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel ; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,⁶ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :—

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,⁷

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,⁸

Set less than thou throwest ;

[4] Coxcomb——meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

WARBURTON.

[5] It is remarkable at this day, that the lower people in Shropshire call the judge of assize "my nuncle the judge."

VAILLANT.

[6] *Brach*, a bitch of the hunting kind. Lady is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur ;

"I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Irish."

STEEVENS.

[7] Do not lend all that thou hast. To *owe* in old English, is to *possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be,

Lend more than thou owest.

JOHNSON.

[8] To *trow*—is an old word, which signifies to believe. The precept is admirable.

WARBURTON.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;
you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of
nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come, place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that
thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me:
if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:⁹
and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to
myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle,
and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and
eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou
clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both
parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt:
'Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest
thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let
him be whipped that first finds it so.

[9] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corrup-
tion and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee.
WARBURTON.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year ; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish ;¹
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs.
 sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest
 thy daughters thy mother : for when thou gavest them the
 rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

*Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy
 fool to lie ; I would fain learn to lie.*

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are :
 'They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have
 me whipped for lying ; and, sometimes, I am whipped for
 holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than
 a fool ; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle ; thou hast
 pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'the middle :
 Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter ? what makes that frontlet
 on ?² Methinks you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no
 need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O with-
 out a figure : I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool,
 thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ;
 [To GONERIL.] so your face bids me, though you say no-
 thing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

'That's a shealed peascod.'³ [Pointing to LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
 But other of your insolent retinue

[1] There was never a time when fools were less in favour ; and the reason
 is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place.
 JOHNSON.

[2] A frontlet was a forehead-cloth used formerly by ladies at night to render that
 part smooth. *Lear*, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely
 covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE.

[3] Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king re-
 mains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone ; he has nothing to give.
 JOHNSON.

Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
 To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fearful,
 By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance ; which if you should, the fault
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep ;
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,
 Which else were shame, that then necessity
 Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter ?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that
 good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught ; and put
 away these dispositions, which of late transform you from
 what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
 horse ?—Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.⁵

Lear. Does any here know me ?—Why this is not
 Lear : does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? Where are his
 eyes ? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are
 lethargied.—Sleeping or waking ?—Ha ! sure 'tis not so :
 —Who is it that can tell me who I am ?—Lear's shadow ?
 I would learn that ; for by the marks of sovereignty,
 knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had
 daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

Gon. Come, sir ;

This admiration is much o'the favour
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright :
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise :
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,

[5] There are in the fool's speeches several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

In a very old dramatic piece entitled, *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, we find the following stage direction : " Entreth Moros, counterfainting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs as fools are wont." MALONE.

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace.⁶ The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy : Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train ;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,⁷
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !—

Saddle my horses ; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come ?
Is it your will ? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my
horses.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !⁸

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To GONERIL.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know ;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !
Which, like an engine,⁹ wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear !
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if

[6] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. *WARBURTON.*

[7] Depend—for continue in service. *WARBURTON.*

[8] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the Hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says—"that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." *STEEVENS.*

[9] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the rack. He is right. To engine is, in Chaucer, to strain upon the rack. *STEEVENS.*

Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !
 Into her womb convey sterility !
 Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
 And from her derogate body¹ never spring
 A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen : that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
 With cadent tears² fret channels in her cheeks ;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap !
 Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :
[To GONERIL.
 That these hot tears which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon
 thee !

The untented³ woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha ! is it come to this ?
 Let it be so :—Yet have I left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever ; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial. Goneril,

[1] Derogate—for degraded; blasted.

JOHNSON.

[2] Cadent tears—i. e. falling tears.

STEEVENS.

[3] *Untented wounds*—means wounds in their worst state, not having a tent in them to digest them, and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose.

STEEVENS.

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho !
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter ;

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel :—A hundred knights !

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point,⁴ a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may unguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say !—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust :

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;

If she sustain him, and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald ?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse :

Inform her full of my particular fear ;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone ;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*]—No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well ; the event.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] At point—I believe, means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Court before the same. Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters : acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter : If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes ?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha !

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly : for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong :⁶—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight ?

Fool. Yes, indeed : Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce !⁷—Monster ingratitude !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

[6] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

[7] He is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS

Lear. How's that ?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !
Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !——

Enter Gentleman.

How now ! are the horses ready ?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.* *Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

Edm. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father : and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that ?

Cur. Nay, I know not : You have heard of the news abroad ; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.⁶

Edm. Not I ; 'Pray you, what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.]

Edm. The duke be here to-night ? The better ! Best ! This weaves itself perforce into my business ! My father hath set guard to take my brother ; And I have one thing, of a queazy question,⁷ Which I must act ;—Briefness, and fortune, work !—Brother, a word ;—descend :—Brother, I say ;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches :—O sir, fly this place ;

[6] *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Queazy*—means delicate, what requires to be handled nicely.

STEEVENS.

Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
 You have now the good advantage of the night :—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
 He's coming hither ; now, i'the night, i'the haste,
 And Regan with him ; Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me :—
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—
 Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
 Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho, here !—
 Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—
 [Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
 [Wounds his arm.
 Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
 Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
 Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
 To stand his auspicious mistress.⁸

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after. [Exit Serv.]—By no
 means,—what

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
 But that I told him, the revenging gods
 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
 Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father ;—Sir, in fine,
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword, he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
 But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,⁹

[8] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

[9] Gasted---frighted. JOHNSON.

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch¹ and patron, comes to-night ;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech²
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal³
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain !

Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :—
All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd !

Reg. What did my father's godson seek your life ?

[1] Arch--i. e. chief ; a word now used only in composition, as arch-angel, arch-duke. STEEVENS.

[2] Pight--is pitched, fixed, settled. Curst--is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, madam :

It is too bad, too bad.--

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.--

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ;⁴ and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,⁵
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ;⁶ the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,

[4] Bewray--that is, discover, betray. STEEVENS.

[5] Some *weight*, or moment. MALONE.

[6] Not at home, but at some other place.

Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before GLOSTER's Castle. Enter KENT and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of the house ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I'the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,⁶ I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ;⁷ a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave ; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.⁸

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee ?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me ? Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy

[6] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which burst from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Lily-liver'd--is cowardly ; white-blooded and white-liver'd are still in vulgar use. JOHNSON.

[7] Three suited knave,--might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakespeare, one who had no greater change of cloaths than three suits would furnish him with. A worsted-stocking knave--is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, as I learn from Stubb's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595, were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even, as this author says, by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. STEEVENS.

[8] That is, *titles*.--Kent is not only boisterous in his manners, but abusive in his language. His excessive ribaldry proceeds from an over solicitude to prevent being discovered : like St. Peter's swearing from a similar motive. HENLEY.

heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you. Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,⁹ against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—Draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come. I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey-beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain² into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

[9] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

[1] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not. STEEVENS.

[2] Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by means of wooden shoes. This unbolted villain is therefore this coarse rascal. TOLLET.

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rougues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose :³ smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Reneg, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,⁴
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage !⁵
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.⁶

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? What's his offence ?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain ;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature : He cannot flatter, he !—

[3] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary* ; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to those sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

[4] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the king-fisher. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew. STEEVENS.

[5] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

[6] *Camelot* was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the west ; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances.

WARBURTON.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth :
 An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
 Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
 so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer : he that be-
 guiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave ; which,
 for my part, I will not be, though I should win your dis-
 pleasure to intreat me to it.⁷

Corn. What was the offence you gave him ?

Stew. Never any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
 To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
 When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
 Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
 And put upon him such a deal of man,
 That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
 For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
 And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
 Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
 But Ajax is their fool.⁸

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho !
 You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
 We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
 Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
 On whose employment I was sent to you :
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :
 As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

[7] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to
 intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

[8] Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of these knaves and cowards, that
 if you believe themselves, are not so brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them.
 M. MASON.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of :—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : Your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*KENT is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good lord ; away. [*Exeunt REG. and CORN.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd :⁹ I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, sir : I have watch'd, and travell'd
hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :

Give you good morrow !

Glo. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw !
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery ;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia ;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give

[9] Metaphor from bowling. *WARBURTON.*

[1] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That changest better for worse. *Hanmer* observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home into the open weather. It was perhaps used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction.* *JOHNSON.*

Losses their remedies :—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 'This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn thy wheel !
[He sleeps.]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath. Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;²
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages,³ sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood ! poor Tom !
 That's something yet ;—Edgar I nothing am !⁵ [Exit.]

[2] Hair thus knotted was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"—plats the manes of horses in the night,

"And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

"Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakespeare uses it, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of small brooks. JOHNSON. Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles :

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd

"The grecian cause," STEEVENS.

[4] We should read *Turlupin*. In the 14th century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. However the church of Rome bath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genezard's account of them. "*Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum & publico coitu.*" Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

[5] As *Edgar* I am out-lawed, dead in law : I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

Before GLOSTER'S Castle. Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. How !

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ; look ! he wears cruel garters !⁶ Horses
are tied by the heads ; dogs, and bears, by the neck ;
monkies by the loins, and men by the legs : when a man
is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-
stocks.⁷

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no ; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't :

They could not, would not do't ; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage :⁸

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

[6] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel*—signifies worsted, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made. STEEVENS.

[7] *Nether-stocks*—is the old word for stockings. Breeches were at that time called "men's overstocks."—*over-lusty*, in this place, has a double signification ; *lustiness* anciently meaning *sauciness*. STEEVENS.

[8] To violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth,
 From Goneril his mistress, salutations ;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,⁸
 Which presently they read : on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their meiny,⁹ straight took horse ;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew ;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.¹

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind ;
 But fathers, that wear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.²

Lear. O, how this mother³ swells up toward my heart !
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below !—Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not ;
 Stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of ?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

[8] *Spite of intermission* is without pause, without suffering time to intervene. So in *Macbeth* :

"Gentle heaven

"Cut short all *intermission*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Meiny*—i. e. people. POPE.-----Though the word *meiny* be now obsolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it is still in use. MASON.

[1] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end.

JOHNSON.

[2] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.

HANMER.

[3] The disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which in our author's time was not thought to be peculiar to women only.

PERCY.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.⁸

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;⁹
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches.
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

[8] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." **WARBURTON.**

[9] The sense will be mended if we read,

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,-----

That I stay with the king is proof that I am a fool, the wise men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. **JOHNSON.**

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? The fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only.¹ Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i'the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To KENT.*]
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

[1] *Practice* in Shakespeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for unlawful artifice. JOHNSON.

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here :²—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.³

Lear. Say, how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation : If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself : Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house :⁴

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;

Age is unnecessary :⁵ on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more : these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :

She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ;⁶ struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fye, fye, fye !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

[2] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

[3] Scant—may mean to adapt, to fit, to proportion ; which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term *scantling*. JOHNSON.

[4] Becomes the house—signifies the order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.——So in Milton on Divorce, p. ii. "How hurtful, how destructive it is to the house, the church, the commonwealth !" TOLLET.

[5] Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

[6] To look black—may easily be explained to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton. "So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

"Grew darker at their frown." JOHNSON.

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature⁷ shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,⁸
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience,⁹ if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To Gon.*]
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the stocks?

[7] Hefted---seems to mean the same as heaved. Tender-hefted---i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. STEEVENS.

[8] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

[9] To allow---signifies not only to permit, but to approve. So the scripture expression, "The Lord alloweth the righteous," Ps. xi. 6. STEEVENS.

Corn. I set him there, sir : but his own disorders Deserv'd much less advancement.¹

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.²
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd ?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o'the air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter³
To this detested groom. *[Looking on the Steward.]*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

[1] Kent's *disorders* had entitled him to a post of less honour than the stocks.

STEEVENS.

[2] Since you are weak, be content to think yourself weak.

JOHNSON.

[3] Sumpter—is a horse that carries necessities on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in.

STEEVENS.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers ?
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them : If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;
'Thy fifty doth yet double five and twenty, [To *Gon.*
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT. and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For this particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath. A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you ; Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element :

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his white hair ;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,⁴
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool ; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;

And dare, upon the warrant of my art,⁵
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high ?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;⁶
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ;⁷—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,

[4] *Cub drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young* ; whereas it means *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave her den in such a night" WARBURTON.

[5] On the strength of that art or skill, which teaches us "to find the mind's construction in the face." MALONE.

[6] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Furnishings* are what we now call colours, external pretences. JOHNSON

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you :
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring ;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm !
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand : Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;
 That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
 That way ; I'll this ;) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues. Enter LEAR
 and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,⁸
 Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world !
 Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man !

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water⁹ in a dry house is
 better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle,

[8] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

[9] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* to mean fair words. The French have the same phrase *Eau benite de cour* ; fair empty words—*Chambaud's Dict.* STEEVENS.

in, and ask thy daughters' blessing ; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull ! spit fire ! spout rain ! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters : I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription ;¹ why then let fall Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many.²
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece ; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love night, Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,³ And make them keep their caves : Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,

[1] Subscription—for obedience. **WARBURTON.**

[2] A beggar marries a wife and lice. **JOHNSON.**

[3] Gallow—a west country word, signifies to scare or frighten. **WARBURTON.** So the Somersetshire proverb, "The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms. **STEEVENS.**

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
 That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming⁴
 Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents,⁵ and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.⁶—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ;
 Repose you there : while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in,) return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit ;

For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exe. LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;

When brewers mar their malt with water ;

[4] *Convenient* needs not to be understood in any other than its usual proper sense ; *accommodate* to the present purpose ; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance*, such as may promote his purpose to destroy.

JOHNSON.

[5] *Continent*—stands for that which contains or incloses.

JOHNSON.

[6] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

STEEVENS.

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;⁷
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :⁸
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold in the field ;
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle. Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed ; we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know ; and of that letter too :—
 This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
 That which my father loses ; no less than all ;
 The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

[7] Invent fashions before them. WARBURTON.

[8] The disease to which wenches' suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time, the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Isaiah* iii. 24. "—and *burning* instead of beauty." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel. Enter LEAR, KENT and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place my lord ; good my lord, enter :
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *[Storms still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
'The lesser is scarce felt. 'Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, *[free,*
'Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's
'The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,—
'To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :
In, boy ; go first. *[To the Fool.]* You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,¹ through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,² and halters in his pew: set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!³ Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now, and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass!—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

[1] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

[2] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.—Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsnet's Declaration, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. STEEVENS.

[3] To *Take*—is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

"—strike her young bones,

"Ye taking airs, with lameness"

JOHNSON.

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.¹

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock's hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: 'Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap,² served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply: dice dearly; and in woman, outparamoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,³ bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness,⁴ dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny,⁵ dolphin, my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the

[1] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

[2] It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. STEEVENS.

[3] Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

[4] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to show *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.——Harsnet's book, p. 279. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

[5] Hey no nonny—is the burthen of a song in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Shakespeare in conjunction with Fletcher. STEEVENS.

sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated !—Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here.— [Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart ; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet :⁶ he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin,⁷ squints the eye, and makes the harelip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold ;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !⁸

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

[6] "Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, where four devils of the round or morrice....These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse." *Harsnet*, p. 49. PERCY.

[7] Web and pin--diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

[8] We should read thus :

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,

He met the night-mare, and her name told,

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,

And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee right.

Saint Withold traversing the wold or downs, met the nightmare ; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight* her troth to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroint thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. *Bediams*, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kind of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the Monsieur Thomas of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night spell*, and is in these words :—

"Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,

"He walks by day, so he does by night ;

"And when he had her found,

"He her beat and her bound ;

"Until to him her troth she plight,

"She would not stir from him that night."

WARBURTON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of rhyme) instead of *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legends of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Glo. What are you there ? your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water ;³ that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats crowdung for sallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipped from tything to tything,⁴ and stocked, punished, and imprisoned ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,⁵
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.⁶

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher
—What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :
—What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,

[3] i. e. the *water-newt*. This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. "He was a wise man and a merry," was the common language. So Falstaff says to justice Shallow, "he is your serving-man, and your husband," i. e. husband-man.

MALONE.

[4] A tything—is a division of a place, a district ; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into tythings.

STEEVENS.

[5] Deer—in old language, is a general word for wild animals.

STEEVENS.

[6] So, in Harsnet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams.

STEEVENS.

His wits begin to unsettle.⁷

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?

His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good Kent !—

He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself : I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood : he sought my life,

But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—

No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel : keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :

Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,⁸*

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

[7] On this occasion, I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole [now Lord Orford] inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of Amber,—*

she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time ; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wilderness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate : we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet." STEEVENS.

[8] *Child* is a common term in our metrical romances and ballads ; and is generally, if not always, applied to the hero or principal personage, who is sometimes a knight, and sometimes a thief. *Syr Tryamour* is repeatedly so called both before and after his knighthood. I think, however, that this line is part of a translation of some Spanish, or perhaps, French ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different subject : I find them in the Second Part of *Jack and the Giants*,

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle. Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit,⁷ set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king,⁸ it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. [*Aloud.*

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House adjoining the Castle. Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

which, if not as old as Shakespeare's time, may have been compiled from something that was so: They are uttered by a giant:

"Fee, faw, fum,

"I smell the blood of an Englishman;

"Be he alive, or be he dead,

"I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

English is here judiciously changed to *British*, because the characters are *Britons*, and the scene is laid long before the English had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not so attentive to propriety on every occasion.

RITSON.

[7] *Provoking*—stimulating; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated him against a father that had none. MASON.

[8] *Comforting*—is here used in the juridical sense for supporting, helping, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos*—Schol. Sal. JOHNSON.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience :—The gods reward your kindness !

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.⁹

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son : for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them :—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,¹ a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :— Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ; [To *Edg.* —Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the *fool.*] Now, you she foxes !—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !— Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?²

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :³

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two

[9] Perhaps he is here addressing the *Fool*. *Fools* were anciently called *Innocents*. STEEVENS.

[1] Shakespeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

[2] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, "Look where he stands and glares!" he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. "Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?" is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril. STEEVENS.-----It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastic thought. To these words, "*At trial madam?*" I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNSON.

[3] A *born* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villagers terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. To this I may add, that *born*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or as it ought to be spelt, *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

white herring.⁹ Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd : Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ; [To *EDG.*—And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the *Fool.* Bench by his side :—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [To *KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress ; Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there ! Arms, arms, sword, fire !—Corruption in the place ! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity !—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them :—Avaunt, you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,¹

Tooth that poisons if it bite ;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym ;²

[9] Sarah Williams confessed (see Harsnet's book, p. 195.) that when she was troubled with a croaking in her stomach, from emptiness, the priests persuaded her that it was the fiend within her. STEEVENS.

[1] To have the roof of the mouth black is in some kind of dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

[2] *Brach* or *lym*, &c.—Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.
A *timner*, or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. So in the book of Ancient Tenures, 1679, the

Or bobtail tike,³ or trundle tail ;
 Tom will make them weep and wail :
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa.⁴ Come, march to wakes and fairs,
 and market-towns ;—Foor Tom, thy horn is dry.⁵

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds
 about her heart : Is there any cause in nature, that makes
 these hard hearts ?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of
 my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-
 ments : you will say, they are Persian attire ; but let
 them be changed. [To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains :
 So, so, so : We'll go to supper i'the morning : So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ;
 I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :
 There is a litter ready ; lay him in't,
 And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
 If thou shouldst cally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Opprest nature sleeps :—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;

words "*canes domini regis lesos*," are translated "Leash hounds, such as draw after
 a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Tijk* is the Runick word for a little, or worthless dog. STEEVENS.

[4] Here is *sessà* again, which I take to be the French word *cessez*, pronounced
cessey, which was, I suppose, like some others, in common use among us. It is an
 interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. JOHNSON.—It is not impossible that this may be a part of some old song, and originally
 stood thus.

Cissy, come march to wakes

And fairs, and market towns.-----

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have
 seen in an old ballad, viz.

Thro' the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. STEEVENS.

[5] Men that begg'd under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and
 blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

Thou must not stay behind.

[*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind ;

Leaving free things,⁶ and happy shows, behind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow :

He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away ;

Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,⁷

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !

Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle. Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him this letter :—The army of France is landed :—Seek out the villain Gloster. [*Exe. some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company ; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation ; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister ;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.⁸

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the king ?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :

[6] Free things---states clear from distress. JOHNSON.

[7] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that false opinion now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of just proof of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

[8] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.

JOHNSON.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
 Hot questrists⁹ after him, met him at gate ;
 Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
 Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they boast
 To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster.
 Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
 Without the form of justice ; yet our power
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
 May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.¹

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him*]

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
 To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,

'These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
 Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host,
 With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
 Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king ?
 Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

[9] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or quest of another.

STEEVENS.

[1] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.²

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,³

Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key:*

All cruels else subscrib'd:⁴—But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:

—Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

[*Draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*

Reg. [*To another Servant.*] Give me thy sword.—A

peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

[2] The course--the running of the dogs upon me.

JOHNSON.

[3] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, *dearn time*. Dearn--is a north country word, signifying lonely, solitary, far from neighbours.

STEEVENS.

[4] Subscrib'd, yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

JOHNSON.

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [Dies.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [Tears out GLOSTER's other
eye, and throws it on the ground.

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The HEATH.* Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,⁵

[5] I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worse*.

TYRWHITT.

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
 The lamentable change is from the best ;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led ?—World, world, O world !
 But that thy strange mutations makes us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
 and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone :
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;
 I stumbled when I saw : Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our mean⁶ secures us ; and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath !
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say, I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ? Who's there ?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods ! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst ?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet : the worst is not,
 So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
 I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
 Which made me think a man a worm : My son
 Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
 Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard more
 since :

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
 They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ?—

[6] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state. STEEVENS.

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'll the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.⁷
[*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless
the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been
in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*,
prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*,
of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing
who since possess chamber-maids and waiting-women.⁸ So
bless thee, master!

[7] Daub--disguise. WARBURTON.

[8] Shakespeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits. at that time much the subject of conversation, the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of style and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy council, in a work intitled, "A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests his wicked Associates;" printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Priswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids, in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier :—Heavens, deal so still !

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,⁹ that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly :
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace. Enter GONERIL and
EDMUND ; Steward meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband¹
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :
I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it : I told him, you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [To EDMUND.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,

who were made to act in this farce upon the chamber-maids and waiting-women ; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsnet has one chapter "on the strange names of their devils ; lest," said he, "meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers."

WARBURTON.

[9] To slave an ordinance---is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. STEEVENS.

[1] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects.² Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;
[Giving a favour.

Decline your head :³ this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster ! [Exit EDMUND.
O, the difference of man, and man ! To thee
A woman's services are due ; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.⁴

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?

[2] The wishes, which we expressed to each other on our way hither may be completed, and prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. MALONE.

[3] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear to him only as a whisper. STEEVENS.

[4] Alluding to the use that witches and incanters are said to make of withered branches in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the steward against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.⁵

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.⁶

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead ;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge !—But, O poor Gloster !

[5] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species.
JOHNSON.

[6] Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in
woman who unaturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

Lost he his other eye !

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;⁷

But being widow, and my Gloster with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck

Upon my hateful life :—Another way,

The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mes. Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against him ;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The French Camp near Dover. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*⁸

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back
know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my presence ;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd she was a queen

[7] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister---to marry Edmund---to murder Albany---and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it ; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. MASON.

[8] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better day : Those happy smiles,
'That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ; *father*

Cried, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*

Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i'the storm ? i'the night ?

*Let pity not be believed !⁹—*There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd : then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;

Else one self mate and mate' could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir ; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the town :

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. What, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own un-
kindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame²

Detains him from Cordelia.

[9] Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! STEEVENS.

[1] The same husband and the same wife—JOHNSON.

[2] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The venom of poisonous animals being a high caustic salt, that has all the effect of fire upon the part. WARBURTON.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not ?

Gent. 'Tis so ; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear.

And leave you to attend him : some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up a while ;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent. Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now

As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;

Crown'd with rank fumiter,³ and furrow-weeds,

With harlocks,⁴ hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel,⁵ and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,

And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—What can
man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?

He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam :

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

'The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,

Are many simples operative, whose power

Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,

In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life

That wants the means to lead it.⁶

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Madam, news ;

The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,

[3] *Fumitory.* By the old herbalists, written fumittery. HARRIS.

[4] *Harlocks* must be a typographical error for charlock, the common name of *sinapis aroensis*, wild mustard. HARRIS.

[5] *Darnel*, according to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn.

[6] The reason which should guide it. JOHNSON.

STEEVENS.

It is thy business that I go about ;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.⁷
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,⁸
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
 Soon may I hear, and see him !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle. Enter REGAN and Steward

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado ;

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch

His nighted life ;⁹ moreover, to descry

The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
 The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you
 Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
 Something—I know not what ;—I'll love thee much,
 Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband ;
 I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
 She gave strange œilliads,¹ and most speaking looks
 To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

[7] Important, as in other places in this author, for *imfortunate*.

JOHNSON.

[8] No inflated, no swelling pride. JOHNSON.

[9] His life made dark as night by the extinction of his eyes.

STEEVENS:

[1] *Ocillade*, Fr. A cast, or significant glance of the eye.

STEEVENS.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :²
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.³
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The Country near Dover. Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR
dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So it may be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;⁴ and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

[2] *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark.

JOHNSON.

[3] You may infer more than I have directly told you.

JOHNSON.

[4] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit.

JOHNSON.

Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock ;⁵ her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.⁶

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
 Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods !

This world do I renounce ; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off :
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir ? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft.⁷ Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead ?
 Ho, you sir ! friend !—Hear you, sir ?—speak !

[5] Her cock—her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

[6] This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that "He who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice, finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the sapphire man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of immediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

[7] When life is willing to be destroyed. JOHNSON.

Thus might he pass, indeed :⁸—Yet he revives :
What are you, sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,⁹ feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe ;
Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;
Thy life's a miracle : Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn :¹
Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :
Up :—So ;—How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd,² and wav'd like the enridged sea ;
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods,³ who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend : he led me to that place.

[8] Thus he might die in reality. We still use the word *passing bell*. JOHNS.

[9] The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in autumn sometimes falls in amazing quantities. See *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 348. HOLT WHITE.

[1] This chalky boundary. STEEVENS.

[2] Varied with protuberances. STEEVENS.

[3] The purest ; the most free from evil. JOHNSON.——So in *Timon of Athens* "Roots, you dear gods."

MALONE.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.⁴—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:⁵ Draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!⁶ i'the clout, i'the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.⁷

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog;⁸ and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter;⁹ when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me, I was every thing; 'tis a lie¹; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:¹
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

[4] To be melancholy is to have the mind chained down to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

[5] In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit, and corn, a *crow-keeper* as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island. JOHNSON.

[6] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at buts, as is plain by the words *i'the clout*, that is, the white mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

[7] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

[8] They played the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

[9] This seems to be an allusion to King Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

[1] Trick, says Mr. Hamner, is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.

STEEVENS.

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.—
I pardon that man's life : What was thy cause ?

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold you' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name ;

The fitchew,² nor the soiled horse,³ goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above :

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends' ; there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption ;—Fye, fye, fye ! pah ; pah ! Give me an
ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagi-
nation : there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squint at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not
love.—Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning
of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report :—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a
heavy case, your purse in a light : yet you see how this
world goes.

[2] The fitchew—a polecat. POPE.

[3] Soiled horse—is a term for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em;⁴
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We waul, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;—This a good block?⁵—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

[4] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them.

WARBURTON.

[5] Perhaps we should read,

'Tis a good block.

RITSON.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,⁶
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom . What ?
I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,
My masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit, running ; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot ; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.⁷

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

[6] A man of salt is a man of tears. STEEVENS.

[7] The main body is expected to be descried every hour. The expression is harsh.
JOHNSON

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows ;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks :
'The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
'That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
'To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember :⁸—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR opposes.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without further 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,⁹ and let poor volk
pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay,
come not near the old man ; keep out, che vor'ye,¹ or ise
try whether your costard² or my bat be the harder : Chi'll
be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Chi'll pick your teeth, zir : Come ; no matter vor
your foins.³

[*They fight ; and EDGAR knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me :—Villain, take my purse ;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster ; seek him out
Upon the British party :—O, untimely death ! [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;

[8] Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. **WARBURTON.**

[9] *Gang your gait* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was *gang your gaits*. **STEEVENS.**

[1] *Che vor ye—I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. **JOHNSON.**

[2] Costard is head. **STEEVENS.**

[3] To foins is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. **STEEVENS.**

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead : I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.⁴

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant, GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !⁵—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up,⁶ the post unsanctified
Of murd'rous lechers : and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke :⁷ For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad : how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.

[4] Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets ; to tear open their letters is more lawful. *WARBURTON.*

[5] O undistinguished licentiousness of a woman's inclination. *STEEVENS.*

[6] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. *JOHNSON.*

[7] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason. *JOHNSON.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR, on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:⁸
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the
king? *[To the Physician.]*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!⁹

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

[8] Be better dressed, put on a better suit of clothes.

STEEVENS.

[9] Changed by his children.

MALONE.

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
 With this thin helm !¹ Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
 Against my fire ; And wast thou fain, poor father,
 'To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
 In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave.—
 Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; When did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

Phys. He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ?—Fair day-
 light ?—

I am mightily abus'd.²—I should even die with pity,
 'To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
 I will not swear, these are my hands :—let's see ;
 I feel this pin prick.—'Would I were assur'd
 Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :
 No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man ;
 Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is ; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 'To be my child Cordelia.

[1] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus* ; she therefore calls her father, poor perdu. WARBURTON.

[2] I am strangely imposed on by appearances ; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith: I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it:
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.³
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

[3] To reconcile it to his apprehension.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.⁴

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not :—
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ;⁵ with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

[4] His settled resolution. JOHNSON.

[5] This business (says Albany,) touches us as France invades our land, not as it bolds the king, &c. i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle : [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.⁶ Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.⁷ [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;

[6] All designs against your life will have an end. STEEVENS.

[7] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 'The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon : for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps. Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt. Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir ! [Exit EDGAR.

Alarums ; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :
 Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir ; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
 Ripeness is all.⁸ Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover. Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND ; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners : Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away : Good guard ;
 Until their greater pleasures first be known
 That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
 Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

[3] To be ready, prepared, is all.

STEEVENS.

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison :
 We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage :
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court-news ; and we'll talk with them too,—
 Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies :⁹ And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense.¹ Have I caught thee ?
 He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes.² Wipe thine eyes ;
 The goujeres³ shall devour them, flesh and fell,⁴
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them
 to prison :

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes : Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment
 Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Offi. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write Happy, when thou hast done.
 Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Offi. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;
 If it be man's work, I will do it.

[*Exit.*]

[9] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

[1] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna composuit." Warburton.

[2] It is usual to smoke foxes out of their holes. STEEVENS.

[3] The *goujeres* is the morbus gallicus. *Gouge*, Fr. one of the common women attending a camp. HANMER.

[4] Flesh and fell—flesh and skin. JOHNSON.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well : you have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes⁵
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen ;
My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.⁶

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy may well stand up,⁷
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !

[5] Turn the lance-men, whom we have hired by giving them *pressmoney*, against us. STEEVENS.

[6] The determination of the question, what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

[7] *Immediacy*, *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam* *medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :⁸
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.⁹

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason :—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
'This gilded serpent :—[*Pointing to GON.*]—For your claim.
I bar it in the interest of my wife ; [fair sister,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster :—Let the trumpet sound :
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge ; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less [it on thy heart,
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.]

Edm. There's my exchange : [*Throwing down a glove.*]

What in the world he is,

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :
Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald !

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

[3] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, to *surrender at discretion*.
WARBURTON.

[9] To *abstract* their union lies not in your good pleasure: your *recto* will avail nothing.
MALONE.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet : He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

Her. What are you ?

Your name, your quality ? and why you answer
This present summons ?

Edg. Know, my name is lost ;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit :
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I am come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary ?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloucester ?

Edm. Himself ;—What say'st thou to him ? *[ter ?*

Edg. Draw thy sword ;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice : here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession :⁹ I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor :
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

[9] The privilege of this oath means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. JOHNSON.

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,¹
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Gon. O save him, save him ! this is practice, Gloster :
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :
Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit.

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done ;
And more, much more : the time will bring it out :
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,

[1] 'Say for essay, some shew or probability. POPE.—Say is sample, a taste.
STEEVENS.

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father :
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd, which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of——

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
 By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead !—
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
 Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment
 Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
 To bid my king and master aye good night ;
 Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !—
 Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's Cordelia ?
 —See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[The bodies of GON. and REG. are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd :
 The one the other poison'd for my sake,
 And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord ?—Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on ; take my sword.
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.*

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND is borne off.]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms ; EDGAR,
Officers, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of
stones ;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone for
ever !—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?²

[2] To *fordo* signifies to destroy by suicide.

STEEVENS.

[3] It appears to me that by the *promised end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs which were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be : " and afterwards he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son ; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us ? To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror ?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says—

"——up, up, and see

"The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !

"As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

"To countenance this horror."

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloucester's, which he makes in the second scene of the first Act :

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us ;—love cools ; friendship falls off ; brothers divide ; in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked twixt son and father. This villain of mine

Alb. Fall, and cease !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master !

[*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you !
Mine eyes are none o'the best :—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight : Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ; your servant Kent : Where is your
servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither. [deadly.—

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

comes under the prediction ; there's son against father ; the king falls from the bias of nature ; there's father against child : We have seen the best of our time."

If any criticks should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakespeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed.

M. MASON.

This note deserves the highest praise, and is inserted in the present work with the utmost degree of gratitude to its author. STEEVENS.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied : For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

'The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd !⁴ No, no, no life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button.⁵ Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there !—

[*He dies.*

Edg. He faints :—My lord, my lord.—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! He hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

[*Dies.*

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

[4] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away, while he is searching there for indications of life. STEEVENS.

[5] The Rev. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by this most expressive circumstance. STEEVENS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

OBSERVATIONS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's *History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice ; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596 : but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad ; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet* : It was republished in 1587, under the same title : " *Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie : with the subtile Counsels and Practices of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582 : " M. Tottel] *Romeo and Julietta.*" Again, Aug. 5, 1596 : " Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure* : however, Shakespeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome ; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum : and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakespeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned :

" Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*, 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions ; but as the following may be in some respects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the publick.—This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death ; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539 ; and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title : *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte ; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata.*

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject ; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller : *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie : with the subtill Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleaure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakespeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau ; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus* ; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala* ; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches* ; in the poem and in the play, the Monta-

gues. 3. The messenger employed by friar Laurence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakespeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Byneman, *The Pitifull Hystory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I suspect was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain from more than one circumstance, that Shakespeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramattick pieces.

STEEVENS.

PROLOGUE.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows

Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage,

Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;

The which, if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of the two houses, at variance with
CAPULET, } each other.

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to lady Capulet.

Friar LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

Friar JOHN, of the same order.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. Boy; Page to Paris; PETER; an Officer.

Lady MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

Lady CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE—during the greater part of the play, in Verona: once in the fifth act at Mantua.



ROMEO & JULIET



W. D. 1640

W. D. 1640

Eng. by P. M. Verick & Durand.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place. Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sampson.

GREGORY, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.¹

Gre. No, for then we shall be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

[1] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify the bearing injuries.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.² Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How ? turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry ; I fear thee ?

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ;³ which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay ?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

[They fight.]

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

[2] Poor John is a hake, dried and salted. MALONE.

[3] Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596, has this passage : " Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico* with his *thombe* in his *mouk*." In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, I meet with these words : " It is said of the Italians, if they once *bite their fingers' ends* in a threatening manner, God knows, if they set upon their *enemie* face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe." STEEVENS.

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :
Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

*Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray ;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans ! strike ! beat them down !
Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long sword,⁴ ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear ?—what ho ! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,

[4] The long sword was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

La. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him to-day ?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say, how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes : So please you, step aside ;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exe. MONT. and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was :—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !

Where shall we dine ?—O me !—What fray was here ?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :—

Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

O any thing, of nothing first create !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.⁵
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg'd,⁶ a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I am lost myself ; I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness,⁷ who she is you love ?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill !—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman !—and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;⁸
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,⁹
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste ?

[5] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

[6] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *being urg'd* : being excited and enforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term.

[7] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

[8] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty.

STEEVENS.

[9] In chastity of proof, as we say in *armour of proof*. JOHNSON.

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste :
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me ; forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *[Exit*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :¹
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;

[1] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress.
STEEVENS.

And she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 'This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 Once more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel²
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads, even with such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there ; [*Gives a paper.*] and to
 them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here ?
 It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his
 yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pen-
 cil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to find
 those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never
 find what names the writing person hath here writ. I
 must to the learned :—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.³

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

[2] I read, Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.—You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

Young men are certainly *yeomen*. RITSON.

[3] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant ; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; Rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads*

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters ; County
Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ; The lady widow of Vi-
truvio ; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio,
and his brother Valentine ; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife,
and daughters ; My fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Va-
lention, and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*
A fair assembly ; [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should
they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : My master is
the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of
Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintain such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
 But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
 Your lady's love against some other maid
 That I will show you, shining at this feast,
 And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in CAPULET's House. Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nur. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve years old,—I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady bird !—God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
 And yet, to my teen be it spoken,^s I have but four,—
 She's not fourteen : How long is it now
 To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
 Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
 Susan and she,—God rest all christian souls !—
 Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;
 She was too good for me : But, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
 That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;
 And she was wean'd—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day :
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

[5] To my teen—to my sorrow.

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua :—
 Nay, I do bear a brain :—But, as I said,
 When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :
 For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow :
 And then my husband—God be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man ;—took up the child :
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay :*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not, Jule ?* quoth he
 And, pretty fool, it stinted,⁶ and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace

Nurse. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay :*
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone ;
 A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nur. Peace, I have done : God mark thee to his grace !
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. [you,

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now : younger than

[6] *Stinted*---stopped, forbore from weeping.

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief ;--
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.⁷

La. Cap. Verona's summer bath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?
This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.⁸
The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.⁹
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? Nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

[7] So, in *Wily Beguiled* :

"Why he's a man as one should picture him in wax." STEEVENS.

[8] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in marriage ; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. MASON.

[9] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbi cordis*. JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where valuable contents are embellished by as valuable binding.

STEEVENS.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street. Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?
Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.¹
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;²
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,³—I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—

[1] In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears like Romeo and his companions in a mask, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions I believe Romeo is made to allude. STEEVENS.

[2] See *King Lear*, p. 237.

[3] To hold a torch was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the chapel of King's college, on a Sunday evening.—Before the invention of chandeliers all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. STEEVENS.

Give me a case to put my visage in : [*Putting on a mask*
 A visor for a visor !—what care I,
 What curious eye doth quote deformities ?⁴
 Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
 But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁵

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word :
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
 Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st.
 Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
 Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
 Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask :
 But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm

[4] To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

[5] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. RITSON.

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 'Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats⁶ tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 'Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,⁷
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,⁸
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woes
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

[6] *Kissing-comfits.* These artificial aids to perfume the breath are mentioned by Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* MALONE.

[7] A sword is called a toledo from the excellence of the Toledan steel. So Gro-
 tius, "-----Glaudius Toletanus

"Unda Targi non est uno celebranda metallo ;

"Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos." JOHNSON.

[8] This was a common superstition ; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid
 disease called Plica Polonica WARBURTON.

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail !—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in CAPULET'S house. Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,⁹ look to the plate :—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane :⁷ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan !

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome ! ladies, that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you :—
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns ; Am I come near you now ?

[6] A *court-cupboard* was a moveable ; a *beaufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak ; the latter had folding doors and was painted and gilded on the inside. STEEVENS.

[7] Marchpanes were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour : called by some almond-cake, and was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. It was in high esteem in Shakespeare's time ; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil their chancellor with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves. *Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*. vol. ii. p. 29. GREY.

You are welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor ; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please ;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians, play.
A hall ! a hall !⁸ Give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,⁹
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,¹
For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that ?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth catch the hand
Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

[8] This exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies *make room*. STEEVENS.

[9] It should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Cousin* was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and stepfather addresses him with

"But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my son."—

Olivia, in the *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*. Richard III. calls his nephew York *cousin*, &c. &c. RITSON.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague :—
Fetch me my rapier, boy :—What ! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ? wherefore storm you
so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone ;
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement :
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd ;
What, goodman boy !—I say, he shall ;—Go to ;—
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will sit cock-a-hoop ! You'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy :—Is't so, indeed ?—
This trick may chance to scath you ;—I know what.
You must contráry me ! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts :—You are a princ Cox ; go :—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame !—
I'll make you quiet ; What !—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To JULIET*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urg'd !
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*—

Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :—
More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse*

Jul. Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

[2] It appears from the former part of this scene, that Capulet's company had supped. A banquet often meant, in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. STEEVENS.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
'Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET.

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.
Enter CHORUS.³

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them pow'r, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden*
Enter ROMEO.

Romeo. CAN I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

[3] The use of this Chorus is not easily discovered ; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show ; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment.

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall,
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but—Ah me ! couple but—love and dove ;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid,⁴ he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.⁵—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not ;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;

That were some spite : my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night :⁶

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—

Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed ;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :

Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exe.*

[4] Alluding to the famous archer Adam Bell. REED.

[5] See *Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 32.

[6] The humid, the moist dewy night. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S Garden. *Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid,⁷ since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

'The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

'That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

[7] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy ;—
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.⁸
 What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
 What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet ;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee ;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound ;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [walls ;

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 For stony limits cannot hold love out :
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;

[8] We must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,

"I keep but three men and a boy yet—but what *though*?"

Again in *K. Henry V.*

"It is a simple one, but what *though*."

RITSON.

And, but thou love me,⁹ let them find me here ;
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face .
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke ; But farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 'Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light ;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

[3] Mr. M. Mason thinks "*but thou love me*" means *unless thou love me*. He is certainly right. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"*But* being charg'd, we will be still by land."

STEEVENS.

Jul. Well, do not swear : Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contr  ct to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good-night, good-night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
 And yet I would it were to give again. [love ?]

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose,

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
 I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !—
 Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed blessed night ! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world :

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon :—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come :—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night !

[Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice.
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
—'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

[1] The *tassel*, or *tiercel*, for so it should be spelt, is the male of the goss hawk ; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. This species of hawk had the epithet *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
 And flecked darkness² like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace,³ that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part⁴ cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 'Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :

[2] Flecked is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated.

STEEVENS.

[3] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

[4] With the part that smells. MALONE.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe. [then ?

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou been

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
'Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
'To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; 'They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street. Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead ! stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot thorough the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.⁵ O, he is the courageous captain of compliments :⁶ he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your

[5] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*.
WARBURTON.

[6] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio. JOHNSON.

bosom : the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause :⁷ Ah, the immortal passado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !⁸—

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents !—*By Jesu, a very good blade !—a very tall man !—a very good whore !—*Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,⁹ that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*,¹ who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ? O, their *bons*, their *bons* !

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her ; Dido, a dowdy ; Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hiddings and harlots ; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French slop.² You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip ; Can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great ; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

[7] A gentleman of the *first house* ;—of the *first* and *second cause* ; is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first emineuce among these duellists. See *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 6. STEEVENS.

[8] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian ; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out *ha* !

JOHNSON.

[9] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. Warburton.

[1] *Pardonnez moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

[2] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trowsers worn at present only by sailors.

STEEVENS.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.⁶

Mer. Well said : Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump ; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness !

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.⁴

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting ;⁵ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,⁶ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad !

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad ; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now, than groaning for love ? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there. [hair.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short : for I was come to the whole depth of my tale : and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

[3] It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses or any other flowers. STEEVENS.

[4] A proverbial expression to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[5] A bitter sweeting, is an apple of that name. STEEVENS.

[6] Cheverel is soft leather for gloves. JOHNSON.-----Cheveril is from *chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Rom. Here's goodly geer !

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.⁷

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,⁸ fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you : for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—For himself to mar, quoth'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? Very well took, i'faith ; wisely, wisely. [you.]

Nurse. If you be he sir, I desire some confidence with

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?⁹

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent :

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

[7] The business of Peter carrying the nurse's fan, seems ridiculous according to modern manners ; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, 1593, we are informed, that "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her fanne." FARMER.

[8] God give you a good even. STEEVENS.

[9] Mercutio having roared out, *So ho !* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found*, and Mercutio answers, *No hare*, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner

Rom. I will follow you. [thither.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?¹

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:²—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell

[1] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. *Rapetricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

[2] A *skain*, or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions. *Skain* is the Irish word for a knife.

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;³

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy⁴

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll war-
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout
in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo
begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
the dog.⁵ No; I know it begins with another letter:
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S Garden. Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

[3] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

[4] The top-gallant is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship. STEEVENS.

[5] I would read, "Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the---no; I know
it begins with some other letter." RITSON

Driving back shadows over lowring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine to twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldily, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit PETER.]*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st
thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile ;—

Fye, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that :

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg ex-
cels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past
compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench :
serve God.—What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before ;
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I ?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back !—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
'To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous :—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? how oddly thou reply'st !

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ;—Come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
'They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
'To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :
I am a drudge, and toil in your delight ;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar LAURENCE'S Cell. Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : 'The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.⁶

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady :—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossomers⁷
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
'They are but beggars that can count their worth ;⁸
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

[work :

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO,
Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot,⁹ the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

[6] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

[7] See *King Lear*, p. 286.

[8] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* ; "there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned." STEEVENS.

[9] It is observed that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men :
 Either withdraw into some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze ;
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery :
 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
 Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
 No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;
 Therefore, farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

*A la stoccata*¹ carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats,² nothing, but one of your nine
 lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall
 use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will
 you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ?³
 make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame !
 Forbear this outrage ;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt ;—good Mercutio.

[*Exc. TYBALT, and his Partizans.*

[1] Stoccata—the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. STEEVENS.

[2] Alluding to his name. MALONE.

[3] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloak or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

Mer. I am hurt ;—

A plague o'both the houses !—I am sped :—
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world :—A plague o'both your houses !—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses !
They have made worm's meat of me :
I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses !

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman :—O sweet Juliet,
'Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate no more days doth depend ;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here
Shalt with him thence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight*; *TYBALT falls*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—
Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool !⁴

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio ?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he !

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me ;
I charge thee, in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives*
and others.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's child !
Unhappy sight ! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin !

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay ;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was,⁵ and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure :—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

[4] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play.

[5] How nice—how slight, how unimportant, how petty.

Retorts it : Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his tongue
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false,⁶ he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life :
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

[6] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
 'That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,⁸
 'Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,⁹
 With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,
 'Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 'That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun,¹—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd : So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there, the cords,
 That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me ! what news ! why dost thou wring thy
 hands ?

[8] *Civil* is grave, decently solemn. JOHNSON.

[9] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned hawk* is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. STEEVENS.

[1] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :

"Civil night,

"Thou sober-suited matron." Shakespeare.

"Till civil suited morn appear." Milton.

"Pay no worship to the garish sun." Shakespeare.

"Hide me from day's garish eye." Milton. JOHNSON;

Nur. Ah well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !
We are undone, lady, we are undone !—
Alack the day !—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo ! Romeo !—
Who ever would have thought it ?—Romeo !

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?
'This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,²
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
'Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I* ;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I* ; or if not, no :
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark !—here on his manly breast :
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood :—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at once .
'To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
'That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd ; and is Tybalt dead ?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord ?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravens lamb !

[2] In the author's time, the affirmative verb *ay*, was generally written *I* : and by this means it both becomes a vowel, and answers in the sound to *eye* upon which the conceit turns in the second line. THEOBALD.

Despised substance of divinest show !
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain !—
 O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?—
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vitæ* :—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nur. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?—
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :
 All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
 But, O ! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinner's minds :
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;
That—banished, that one word—banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.³ Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

[3] I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

Why follow I not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?⁴
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall be
 spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
 He made you for a highway to my bed ;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you ;—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
 I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man ;
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company :
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doom's-day is the prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

[4] Shakespeare uses *modern* for *common* or *slight* : I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
'This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo:⁵ they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

[5] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*; and *courtship* the state of a courtier permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears. [eyes?]

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,
arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[Knocking.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand:

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O, holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[Drawing his sword]*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fye, fye ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish .
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,⁶
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.⁷
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit.]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good-night; and here stands all your
 Either be gone before the watch be set, [state;⁸
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time

[6] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks instead of locks with flints, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. STEEVENS.

[7] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

[8] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

Every good hap to you, that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I ;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :—
Madam, good-night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love.⁹ I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ; what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it then :—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !

[9] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous* ; as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, "I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter."

Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET's Chamber. Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east ;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death :
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;¹
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go ;—²
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !³
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

^[1] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

^[2] *Care* was frequently used in Shakespeare's age for *inclination*. MALONE.

^[3] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying among the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes. Warburton.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustic rhyme

"-----To heaven I'd fly,

But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye."

JOHNSON.

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.⁴

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [Exit.]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[ROMEO descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? my love ! my lord ! my friend !
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not : and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :⁵
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu ! [Exit.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? Is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?

[4] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played, to wake the hunters, and collect them together. STEEVENS.

[5] This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet. STEEVENS.

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live ;
Therefore, have done : Some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.—
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart :
And yet, no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands :
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man,
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,⁶ at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;

'ho,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife !
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? Doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you have :
Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

[6] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly styled the *Countie* in this play. Shakespeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count* : perhaps he took it from the old "English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot." He certainly did so, Paris is there first styled a young *Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*, according to the unsettled orthography of the time. FARMER.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What is this ? Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not ;— And yet not proud ;—Mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, 'To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion ! Out, you baggage ! You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fye, fye ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch ! I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face : Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ; My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd, That God had sent us but this only child ; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her : Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !— You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue, Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool ! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,

[7] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—Hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech, in the course of one speech. STEEVENS.

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—*
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 'Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument were Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.^a
 O, he's a lovely gentleman !
 Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

[^a] [8] The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. To what ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell. Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

Friar. On Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society :
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [Aside]

—Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;

For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth ;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?⁹

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. *[Exit.]*

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

[9] Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. "Masses, are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting." RITSON.

Shall be the label to another deed,¹
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art²
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;
 'Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

[1] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *K. Richard II.* the duke of York discovers a covenant which his son Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal:

"What seal is that which hangs without thy bosom?"

MALONE.

[2] *Commission* is for authority or power. JOHNSON.

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead .
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 'Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame :
 If no unconstant toy,⁴ nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me ! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. [afford

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall help
 Farewell, dear father ! [Exeunt

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House. Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
 [Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.¹

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if they
 can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

[4] If no fickle freak no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance.
 JOHNSON.

[1] Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests ! Either Capulet has altered his mind
 strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. P. 363.
 BITSON.

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers ; therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.--

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong ? where have you been
gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon :—Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well,—stand up :
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up ;
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—

They are all forth :—Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

JULIET'S Chamber. Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? do you need my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night !

Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAP. and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Must I of force be married to the county ?—
No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—Lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,⁴
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night, spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,⁵
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,⁶
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed]

SCENE IV.

CAPULET's Hall. Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
 nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,

[4] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-upon-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murthy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakespeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is not one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

[5] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

[6] Distracted. STEEVENS.

The curfeu bell hath rung,⁷ 'tis three o'clock :—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;⁸
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,
What's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Ex. 1 Serv.*] Sirrah,
fetch drier logs ;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson ! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day :
The county will be here with music straight

[*Music within*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near :—

Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say.

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;

I'll go and chat with Paris :—Hie, make haste,

Make haste ! the bridegroom he is come already :

Make haste, I say !

[*Exeunt.*]

[7] The *curfeu bell* is universally rung at *eight* or *nine* o'clock at night ; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar inpropriety, as it is not believed that *any* bell was ever rung so early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfeu* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman conqueror. To *put out the fire* became necessary only because it was time to go to bed : And if the *curfeu* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time.

RITSON.

[8] In Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weasle is—a *mouse-hunt*. The intrigues of this animal, like those of the cat kind, are usually carried on during the night. This circumstance will account for the appellation which Lady Capulet allows her husband to have formerly deserved.

STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

JULIET's Chamber ; JULIET on the Bed. Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast. I warrant her, she :—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her :—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be ?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you : Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nur. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her :—Out, alas! she's cold ;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;

Life and these lips have long been separated :

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride.—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day! O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain:
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long ;
 But she's best married, that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church :
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;⁹
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
 And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exe. CAPULET, Lady CAP. PARIS, and Friar.*

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease ;*
 O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays,—*My heart is full of woe* : O, play me some merry dump,^s to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleeke :^a I will give you the minstrel.

[9] See *Hamlet*, p. 19.

[1] *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes ; possibly indeed any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the *dumps*. RITSON.

[2] The use of this cant term is no where explained ; and in all probability cannot at this distance of time, be recovered. To *gleek* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. RITSON.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

2 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the *singer*: I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

Then music with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Mantua. A Street. Enter ROMEO.*

Romeo. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
⁵My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne:

[3] The fiddler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. STEEVENS.

[4] If I may confide in those delightful visions which I have seen while asleep.

MALONE.

[5] The three following lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses : I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight. [*Ex. BAL.*
—Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.

Let's see for means : O, mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need ;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor :
Hold, there is forty ducats : Let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell. Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,⁶
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,⁷ but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A churchyard; in it, a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;

[6] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other.

STEEVENS.

[7] Was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

STEEVENS.

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :
 Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity ;
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,⁸
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
 What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light : Upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment :⁹ therefore hence, begone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far

[8] These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines :

"Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew,

"O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,

"Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

"Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

"The obsequies that I for thee will keep,

"Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep."

JOHNSON.

[9] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues.

JOHNSON.

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that :
Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— [Advances]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ; think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.

[They fight.]

Page. O lord, they fight : I will go call the watch. [Exit.]

Par. O, I am slain ! [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble-county Paris :—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
 A grave ? O, no ; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 'This vault a feasting presence' full of light.
 Death, lie thou there by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death : O, how may I
 Call this a lightning ?—O, my love ! my wife !
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
 Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashings rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*—O, true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*
Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE,
with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night

[1] A *presence* means a public room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign.
 M. MASON.

Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?²—Who's there ?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone :—Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.³

Fri. Romeo ?—

[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

[*Enters the Monument.*

Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance ?—
The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am :—Where is my Romeo ? [*Noise within.*

[2] This accident was reckoned ominous. So in *King Henry VI.* part 3:

"For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within."

Again, in *Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says ;

"Three times to-day my footcloth horse did stumble."

STEEVENS.

[3] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural ; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality but a vision.

STEEVENS.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
 A greater Power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away :
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
 And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no
 longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
 What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
 O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
 Thy lips are warm !

1 Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger
[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]
 This is thy sheath ; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me
 die. [*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth
 burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody ; Search about the
 churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exe. some.*]
 Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—
 And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
 Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—

[*Exe. other Watchmen:*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the
 churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Wat. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

[comes.]

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

[bleeds!]

Cap. O, heavens !—O, wife ! look how our daughter
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. 'Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect

As I intended ; for it wrought on her

The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come at this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,

Was staid by accident ; and yesternight

Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time

Of her awakening,) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience :

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know ; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]







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